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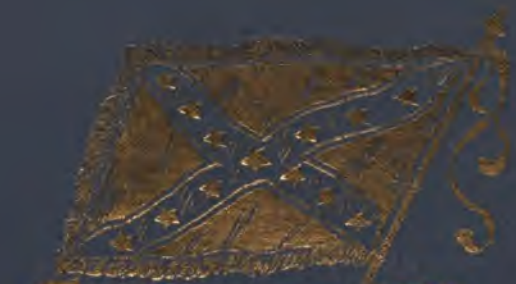

CONFEDERATE SCRAP BOOK

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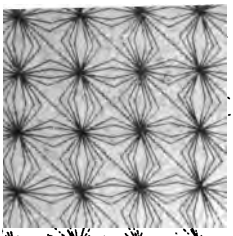

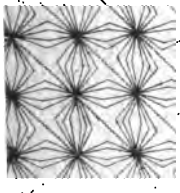

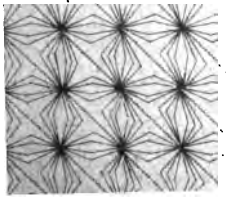

An appreciation to Mr. Bradford
from the Confederate Memorial Literary
Society, Richmond Virginia.

Confederate Museum
Aug 16. 1924

Confederate Scrap-Book.

Copied from a Scrap-book kept by a young girl during and immediately after the war, with additions from war copies of the "Southern Literary Messenger" and "Illustrated News" loaned by friends, and other selections as accredited.

Published for the benefit of the Memorial Bazaar, held in Richmond, April 11, 1893.

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THIS COLLECTION,
ALTHOUGH WITH NOTHING
OF MY OWN BUT THE LOVE OF
"SOLDIER AND CAUSE" WHICH
PROMPTED THE PRESERVATION OF THESE
CLIPPINGS IN MY CHILDHOOD AND THEIR PUB-
LICATION NOW, I DEDICATE TO MY FATHER, COL. JOHN
B. CARY, HIMSELF A FAITHFUL SOLDIER AND
PATRIOT, WHOSE TEACHING AND EXAM-
PLE HAVE BEEN THE INSPIRATION OF
HIS CHILDREN, AS HIS UNBLEM-
ISHED LIFE IS THEIR PRICE-
LESS HERITAGE.

PREFACE.

A WORD of explanation is necessary in excuse for the evident incompleteness and imperfection of this collection, which might almost be called an impromptu effort. It came out of almost a moment's thought, after the work of the Bazaar had begun, with only the fragments of time between the duties of Corresponding Secretary, and Assistant on a Table, to bestow upon it; so had to be compiled from material on hand, or within easy reach, with literally no opportunity for careful selection or revision. To me, "my scraps" were very precious, and full of interest, and the thought that they might be so to others, as well as of some historic value to future generations, together with the hope that their sale would materially aid in building the two monuments for which we are working, has induced me to give them to the public.

LIZZIE CARY DANIEL.

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CONFEDERATE SCRAP-BOOK.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
APPOMATTOX C. H., *April 10, 1865.*

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9..

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion would accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee *General.*

MOSBY TO HIS TROOPS.

Just before running away Mosby issued the following address to his troops:

FAUQUIER, *April 21, 1865.*

Soldiers,—I have summoned you together for the last time. The vision we have cherished of a free and independent country has vanished, and that country is now the spoil of a conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering to our enemies. I am no longer your commander.

After an association of more than two eventful years I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements and grateful recollections of your generous kindness to myself; and now, at this moment of bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regard. Farewell.

J. S. MOSBY,
Colonel Commanding Battalion.

LETTER OF COMMANDER MAURY.

AT SEA, *May 25, 1865.*

Sir,—In peace as in war, I follow the fortunes of my native State, Virginia. I read in the public prints that she has practically confessed defeat and laid down her arms.

I am here without command officially, alone and busied on matters of public concern abroad; nevertheless, as I consider further resistance worse than useless, I deem it proper formally to confess and to pledge you on my word of honor that should I find myself before the final inauguration of peace within the jurisdiction of the United States, to consider myself a prisoner of war, bound by the terms and conditions which have been or may be granted to General Lee and his officers.

Be pleased to send your answer through my son Colonel R. L. Maury, a paroled prisoner of war in Richmond.

In the meantime, and until I hear to the contrary, I shall

act as though my surrender had been formally accepted on the above-named conditions.

Respectfully, M. F. MAURY,
Commander C. S. N.

To Commander U. S. Naval Forces in the Gulf of Mexico.

GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER'S ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.

May 25, 1865.

Fellow-Soldiers,—Although too ill to say much to you at this time, I am happy, most happy, to meet you. We all belong to the same great army of patriots, and as my interests are identified with your own, in the future as in times past, you will always find me at my post. There is no use in denying the fact that we have met with great misfortune in the surrender of General Lee. But we must look these things in the face and see what there is of it. At first it was announced that General Lee had surrendered forty-three thousand troops, but I am happy to inform you that he surrendered only, according to the admission of the enemy, about seven or eight thousand men. Now, the loss of this number of men in itself was not a serious misfortune in a military point of view. The loss of General Lee himself was a greater loss—a serious loss—but not a fatal one by any means. Such losses are common, and to be expected in great revolutions. I see nothing alarming in this—nothing to frighten us. Let us not attach too much importance to this. We have still many great leaders left, and if we stand by them we will gain the victory. The enemy has had advantages east of the Mississippi he never can have in Texas. There he used his steam to advantage, not only on the coast, but in all the streams, large and small. Here in Texas he can make no use of such power to back him up. Here he will have to fight us on broad prairies that we can roam over as well as he; and if he drives us from one fortified

place we can fortify ourselves in another and another, and worry out any army he can bring. Here we have plenty of supplies. I see nothing discouraging, if we are determined to fight it out. And you who know me should know I shall not sacrifice life when I can help it. Not a drummer-boy shall be sacrificed imprudently. I will take care of you. I shall not act recklessly, regardless of the rules of war. We have, I am sorry to say, an enemy among us who is daily circulating false reports. One of these came to my ears to-day, which was that General Forney's men were deserting in large numbers and going home. This, thanks to the telegraph wire, I am able to brand as a base lie. Nothing of the kind has occurred. I commanded that division once myself, and I know that a braver, better-disciplined set of troops never breathed. They will stand by their colors to the last; and let no slanderer dare to tell me that they are deserting their companions in arms. It is a base lie. Nothing of that kind will occur among the Texas soldiers. I know them well, and I know what I say. Come what may, I shall stand by my country, and I will never be a slave to Yankee power. I had rather be a Comanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankeedom. I will only add that we have a neighbor near at hand. I do not feel at liberty to say anything further concerning the matter at present. But it may be that we may have aid from a source unexpected, and at a time when we least dream of it. Therefore, let us stand by our leaders, and all will yet be well. I do not feel discouraged at the present position of matters, and I am certain you would not if you realized all the facts which will develop themselves.

At the close of the address three rousing cheers were given for General Magruder. Colonel Carter, Colonel Sydnor, General De Bray, Colonel Murray, Major Waller, Dr. Farmer, and others, each made remarks to the immense crowd assembled.

General Magruder arose from a sick-bed to address this assembly.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

General Kirby Smith issued the following address to his soldiers on abandoning the war:

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT,
HOUSTON, *May 30, 1865.*

Soldiers,—The day after I refused the demand of the Federal Government to surrender this department I left Shreveport for Houston. I ordered the Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana troops to follow. My purpose was to concentrate the entire strength of the department, await negotiation, and, if possible, secure terms alike honorable to soldiers and citizens. Failing in this, I intended to struggle to the last; and with an army united in purpose, firm in resolve, and battling for the right, I believed God would yet give us the victory. I reached here to find the Texas troops disbanded and hastening to their homes. They had forsaken their colors and their commanders; had abandoned the cause for which they were struggling, and appropriated the public property to their personal use.

Soldiers, I am left a commander without an army—a general without troops. You have made your choice. It was unwise and unpatriotic, but it is final. I pray you may not live to regret it. The enemy will now possess your country and dictate his own laws. You have voluntarily destroyed our organization and thrown away all means of resistance. Your present duties are plain. Return to your families. Resume the occupations of peace. Yield obedience to the laws. Labor to restore order. Strive, both by counsel and example, to give security to life and property. And may God in his mercy direct you aright, and heal the wounds of our distracted country.

E. KIRBY SMITH,
General.

SPEECH OF GEN. R. E. LEE

WHEN HE WAS INTRODUCED TO THE SECESSION CONVENTION AND INFORMED OF HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE COMMAND OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

This ceremony took place on the 23rd April, 1861.

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention*,—Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

The following are the names of the soldiers who refused to leave President Davis, in making his way through South Carolina, although their brigades and the whole escort had disbanded and scattered. They all belonged to the Second Kentucky Cavalry: Lieutenant Baker, privates Sanders, Smith, Heath, Walbert and Harkness.

WORSLEY'S LINES TO GENERAL LEE.

The following inscription and poem accompanied the presentation of a perfect copy of the "Translation of the Iliad of Homer into Spencerian Stanza," by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—a scholar and poet whose untimely death, noticed with deepest regret throughout the literary world, in England, has cut short a career of the brightest promise:

"To General R. E. Lee—the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest—this volume is

presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration."

1. The grand old bard that never dies,
   Receive him in our English tongue!
   I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
   The story that he sung.

2. Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
   Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel.
   I cannot trust my trembling hand
   To write the things I feel.

3. Ah, realm of tombs! But let her bear
   This blazon to the last of times:
   No nation rose so white and fair,
   Or fell so pure of crimes.

4. The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
   Come round thee: yet in truth be strong!
   Eternal right, though all else fail,
   Can never be made wrong.

5. An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
   Not Homer's, could alone for me
   Hymn well the great Confederate South—
   Virginia first—and Lee.

GENERAL LEE'S LETTER IN REPLY TO THIS GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT FROM THE ENGLISH SCHOLAR.

LEXINGTON, VA., *February 10, 1866.*

MR. P. S. WORSLEY:

My Dear Sir,—I have received the copy of your translation of the "Iliad," which you so kindly presented to me. Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem more than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully reproduces the imagery and rhythm of the bold original.

The undeserved compliment to myself in the prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constitutional government.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

[Copied from the Columbus (Ohio) Journal from an account of an interview with General Lee, in Richmond, written by "A Northern Clergyman."]

"General Lee looks older than his portraits generally make him. His hair is grey; his head large; his brow grandly arched, and his eyes and nose of a generous greatness—finer than he is represented in the portraits. The mouth is large, the lips somewhat fallen. In his conversation with me the General was extremely affable and talkative, but he undoubtedly has the faculty of being very reserved.

"I agree with the English colonel, who pronounces General Lee the handomest man he ever saw. He is tall, broad-shouldered, well set up, looks every inch a soldier. He has a most captivating *personelle*, a fair and open face, dark liquid eyes, glowing when aroused like polished diamonds."

THE FORM OF THE PAROLE.

We, the undersigned, prisoners of war, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States or in any military capacity whatever against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until

properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

R. E. LEE,
General.
W. H. TAYLOR,
Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.
CHAS. S. VENABLE,
Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.
CHAS. MARSHALL,
Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.
H. E. PRATON,
Lieut.-Col. and Ins.-Gen.
GILES BROOKE,
Major and A. A. Surgeon-Gen.
H. S. YOUNG,
A. A. General.

Done at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, this ninth (9) day of April, 1865.

The above parole is the same given by all officers, and is countersigned as follows:

The above-named officers will not be disturbed by United States authorities as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

GEORGE H. SHARPE,
Gen. Asst. Provost Marshal.

Here is another document which every officer had to sign for the men of his command:

I, the undersigned, commanding officer of ———, do, for the within-named prisoners of war, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, who have been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, Confederate States Army, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding armies of the United States, hereby give my solemn parole of honor that the within-named shall not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in military or any capacity what-

ever against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

Done at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, this 9th day of April, 1865.

THE LAST DAY OF PUBLIC FASTING AND PRAYER IN THE CONFEDERACY, MARCH 10, 1865.

[Dispatch, January 26, 1865.]

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT APPOINTING A DAY OF FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER, WITH THANKSGIVING.

The Congress of the Confederate States have, by a joint resolution, invited me to appoint a day of public fasting, humiliation, and prayer, with thanksgiving to Almighty God. It is our solemn duty at all times, and more especially in a season of public trial and adversity, to acknowledge our dependence on his mercy, and to bow in humble submission before his footstool, confessing our manifold sins, supplicating his gracious pardon, imploring his divine help, and devoutly rendering thanks for the many and great blessings which he has vouchsafed to us. Let the hearts of our people turn contritely and trustfully unto God; let us recognize in his chastening hand the correction of a Father, and submissively pray that the trials and sufferings which have so long borne heavily upon us may be turned away by his merciful love; that his sustaining grace be given to our people, and his divine wisdom imparted to our rulers; that the Lord of Hosts will be with our armies, and fight for us against our enemies; and that he will graciously take our cause into his own hand and mercifully establish for us a lasting, just, and honorable peace and independence. And let us not forget to render unto his holy name the thanks and praise which are so justly due for his great goodness, and for the many mercies which he has extended to us amid the trials and sufferings of protracted and bloody war.

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this my proclamation, appointing Friday the 10th day of March next, as a day of public fasting, humiliation, and prayer (with thanksgiving) for "invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God"; and I do earnestly invite all soldiers and citizens to observe the same in a spirit of reverence, penitence, and prayer.

{SEAL} Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President:

J. P. BENJAMIN, *Secretary of State.*

PROCLAMATION APPOINTING A DAY FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

It is meet that the people of the Confederate States should, from time to time, assemble to acknowledge their dependence on Almighty God, to render devout thanks for his manifold blessings, to worship his holy name, to bend in prayer at his foot-stool, and to accept with reverent submission the chastening of his all-wise and all-merciful providence. Let us then, in temples and in fields, unite our voices in recognizing with adoring gratitude the manifestations of his protecting care in the many signal victories with which our arms have been crowned, in the fruitfulness with which our land has been blessed, and in the unimpaired energy and fortitude with which he has inspired our hearts and strengthened our arms in resistance to the iniquitous designs of our enemies.

And let us not forget that, while graciously vouchsafing to us his protection, our sins have merited and received grievous chastisement; that many of our best and bravest have fallen in battle; that many others are held in foreign prisons; that large districts of our country have been devastated with savage

ferocity—the peaceful homes destroyed and helpless women and children driven away in destitution; and that with fiendish malignity the passions of a servile race have been excited by our foes into the commission of atrocities from which death is a welcome escape.

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this my proclamation setting apart Wednesday, the sixteenth day of November next, as a day to be specially devoted to the worship of Almighty God; and I do invite and invoke all the people of these Confederate States to assemble on the day aforesaid, in their respective places of public worship, there to unite in prayer to our Heavenly Father, that he bestow his favor upon us; that he extend over us the protection of his almighty arm; that he sanctify his chastisement to our improvement, so that we may turn away from evil paths and walk righteously in his sight; that he restore peace to our beloved country, healing its bleeding wounds, and securing to us the continued enjoyment of our right of self-government and independence; and that he graciously hearken to us, while we ascribe to him the power and glory of our deliverance.

{SEAL} Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President:

J. P. BENJAMIN, *Secretary of State.*

REWARD FOR JEFF. DAVIS.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and

procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada:

Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: $100,000 for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; $25,000 for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; $25,000 for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of *Mississippi;* $25,000 for the arrest of George N. Sanders; $25,000 for the arrest of Beverly Tucker, and $10,000 for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost-Marshal General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand (L. S.) and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the second day of May, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of independence of the U. S. A. the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRAIGNMENT OF EX-PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[From The State, May 13, 1886.]

Monday, May 13, 1867, ex-President Jefferson Davis was arraigned in the United States Circuit Court in Richmond to be tried for high treason and other misdemeanors. John C. Underwood was the district judge, William H. Barry was clerk, and C. Duncan, United States marshal.

Mr. Davis was delivered into court by General Barton, commandant of Fortress Monroe. He was accompanied by the

following gentlemen as counsel: Charles O'Connor, William B. Reed, George Shea, John Randolph Tucker, and Robert Ould. The United States was represented by L. H. Chandler, district attorney, and William M. Evarts. The court-room was crowded with notable men. Nearly all of the most prominent citizens of Richmond were present. Among the notables in attendance from abroad were Horace Greeley, Benjamin Wood, John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, and many others. Mr. Davis was heartily cheered as he drove from the Spottswood hotel to the court-room. After the usual preliminaries and argument by counsel, a motion to continue the case to November and admit to bail was entertained. Mr. Davis qualified in the sum of $100,000, and the following gentlemen in the sum of $5,000 each: Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Gerritt Smith, Benjamin Wood, Augustus Schell, Horace F. Clark, all of New York; A. Welsh and D. K. Jockman, of Philadelphia; and Isaac Davenport, Jr., R. Barton Haxall, Abram Warwick, William H. Macfarland, W. W. Crump, James Lyons, William H. Lyons, John A. Meredith, James Thomas, Jr., Thomas W. Doswell, John Minor Botts, and Thomas R. Price. Mr. Thomas was suffering from some nervous prostration, and had to make his mark, which gave rise to the story that one of Richmond's richest men could not write his name.

After signing the bond Mr. Davis was discharged amid deafening applause, and was driven to the Spottswood through thousands, who rent the air with joyful acclamations. He was greatly affected. He soon joined his former pastor, Rev. Dr. Minnegerode, and engaged in private worship. In a few days he left the city. Messrs. Greeley and Gerritt Smith, by invitation, addressed the people of Richmond at the old African church in speeches full of patriotism. All of the Northern men were most kindly received. It is a matter of history that at the November term of the court all proceedings against Mr. Davis were quashed, and he was never brought to trial.

The recent demonstrations in his honor are fresh in the

minds of the readers of *The State*. Circumstances forbade the extension of that triumphal tour to the ex-capital of the Confederacy. But nowhere in the land over which once waved the Southern Cross has Jefferson Davis more sincere friends or devoted adherents. Here in this historic city he is regarded as the beau ideal of a soldier and statesman, a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian, whom we are willing shall stand forth as the typical Southern representative of the unhappy war between the States.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION BY ANDREW JOHNSON.

To the end, therefore, that the authority of the Government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order, and freedom may be established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, *do proclaim and declare* that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion have been instituted; but on the condition, nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to-wit:

"I, ———, do solemnly swear, or affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. So help me God."

The following classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:

First. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents, of the pretended Confederate Government.

Second. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.

Third. All who have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy.

Fourth. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.

Fifth. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.

Sixth. All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war persons found in the United States service as officers, seamen, soldiers, or in other capacities.

Seventh. All persons who have been, or are, absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

Eighth. All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government in the Military Academy at West Point or the United States Naval Academy.

Ninth. All persons who held the pretended offices of governors of States in insurrection against the United States.

Tenth. All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

Eleventh. All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.

Twelfth. All persons who at the time when they seek to obtain the benefits hereof by taking oath herein prescribed, are in mili-

tary, naval, or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military, or naval authorities or agents of the United States as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offences of any kind either before or after conviction.

Thirteenth. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over $20,000.

Fourteenth. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty, as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8, A. D. 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, and who have not thenceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate: Provided, that special application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts in the case and the peace and dignity of the United States.

The Secretary of State will establish rules and regulations for administering and recording the said amnesty oath, so as to insure its benefit to the people and guard the Government against fraud.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

{ L. S. } Done at the city of Washington, the twenty-ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

By the President: ANDREW JOHNSON.

WM. H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

The *Augusta Constitutionalist*, —— date, says: A clerical friend of ours, in passing through one of our streets a few days since, to perform a ministerial duty—attending to the sick and wounded in the hospitals—encountered a stranger, who accosted him thus:

"My friend, can you tell me if Mrs. Jeff. Davis is in the city of Augusta?"

"No, sir," replied our friend, "she is not."

"Well, sir," replied the stranger, "you may be surprised at my asking such a question, and more particularly so when I inform you that I am a discharged United States soldier. But (and here he evinced great feeling), sir, that lady has performed acts of kindness to me which I can never forget. When serving in the Valley of Virginia, battling for the Union, I received a severe and dangerous wound. At the same time I was taken prisoner and conveyed to Richmond, where I received such kindness and attention from Mrs. Davis that I can never forget her; and, now that I am discharged from the army and at work in this city, and understanding that that lady was here, I wish to call upon her, renew my expressions of gratitude to her, and offer to share with her, should she unfortunately need it, the last cent I have in the world."

Can it be truly charged on a nation that it was wantonly, criminally cruel, when a generous foe bears testimony to the mercy, kindness, and lowly service of the highest lady of the land?

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VIRGINIA, ARMY OF THE JAMES,
RICHMOND, VA., *June 10, 1865.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 70.

A sufficient time having elapsed since the surrender of the forces late in rebellion with the United States for all who were of such forces to procure other than their uniform, it is hereby ordered that no person, after June 15th, 1865, appear in public, in this department, wearing any insignia of rank or military or naval service worn by officers or men of the late rebel army.

When plain buttons cannot be procured, those formerly used can be covered with cloth.

Any person violating this order will be liable to arrest.

By command of Major-General E. O. C. Ord.

ED. W. SMITH,
Assistant Adjutant-General United States Army.

No. 56. QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
PETERSBURG, *November 25, 1864.*

Received of *Nelson Hotchkiss (1500 lbs.) fifteen hundred pounds Blade Fodder*, said to be one-tenth of his crop, being the tax on same due to the C. S. A.

J. T. CAGE,
Capt., A. Q. M.

Buckingham county, Va.

ASHES OF GLORY.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blast—
No drum funereal roll—
Nor trailing sabres drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
And they shall shuddering tell
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign! Not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's knights, amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Not Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables fame,
And orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet the silver cross of Spain,
And lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep in thine own historic night!
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A Warrior's Banner takes its flight,
To greet the warrior's soul!

JOHN PELHAM.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

Just as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life,
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells,
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon drops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in the marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessed soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown.

JACKSON.

BY HENRY L. FLASH.

Not 'midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Not in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke,
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recording all his grand, heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's promised land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the house of bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South.

O gracious God! not gainless is the loss;
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers with the cross,
He rises with the crown!

"A NOBLE REGIMENT."

Rev. Mr. Lacy, chaplain of the Second corps, stated in a sermon at Dr. Hoge's church, Sunday evening, that a few days since, the fact becoming known to them that the poor in Richmond were suffering for food, the Twelfth Mississippi regiment of General Lee's army, which is living on a quarter of a pound of meat and a pound of flour a day, unanimously resolved to go without food one day in each week, and send the day's ration to the suffering in this city.

They communicated their resolution to the gentlemen having the matter in charge in Richmond, mentioning the fact that after the battles around Richmond, the people had been very kind to their regiment, and they should "like to do something to show they remembered it, and they were sorry their rations were all they had to give."

The generous offer was declined, but we think we can safely say that no citizen of Richmond who reads this will ever forget the Twelfth Mississippi regiment.

MAJOR-GENERAL HILL'S ADDRESS TO THE TWELFTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

While the Twelfth Mississippi regiment was drawn up in line of battle on Thursday, the 5th instant, Major-General Hill, commanding the division in which it operates, rode up and addressed it relative to its conduct in the recent battle before Richmond. The substance of his remarks was as follows:

"Twelfth Mississippians! I witnessed with my own eyes your manœuvres on the battle-field on Saturday, and I am proud to say that you maintained your ground heroically amid the deadly storm of grape, canister, shell, and musketry.

"With you there was no wavering, no unsteadiness, no lagging behind, but 'onward, still onward,' you pressed toward the enemy with a spirit of valor which it did my heart good to witness, and the full credit it affords me much pleasure thus publicly to accord you. The troops of Mississippi have won laurels for her upon every field wherever they have been engaged, and your gallant action on Saturday can but add new luster to her name. I love Mississippi as I do my own native State. There resides my only brother, and beneath its hallowed soil repose the last remains of a beloved mother.

"Mississippians, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you!"

JOHN PEGRAM.

[Fell at the head of his Division February 6, 1865—aged 33.]

BY W. GORDON M'CABE.

What shall we say now of our knight,
Or how express the measure of our woe
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell?
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath.
What can we do but point to where he fell,
And like a soldier, met a soldier's death?

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed.
God pardon us if blind with tears we grope,
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet—oh, foolish and of little faith—
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears.
We loved him so, we never dreamed that death
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah, dear browned face, so fearless and so bright,
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe,
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight—
The eager eyes—the flush on cheek and brow;

No more will greet the lithe, familiar form
Amid the surging smoke, with deaf'ning cheer;
No more shall soar above the iron storm
Thy ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

Aye, he has fought the fight and passed away,
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife;
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,
And careless only of his noble life.

He is not dead, but sleeps. Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise that time the golden bugles blow,
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid our great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done,
His face shall shine as they, with stately tread,
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled. Few and brief
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith.
Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief,
And grant thy servants such a life and death.

LEE TO THE REAR.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke thro' the Wilderness, cool and gray,
While, perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel!

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured—
Slaughter, infernal, rode with Despair,
Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
A grey-bearded man with black slouch hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he—
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold rebel brigades close by—
Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, bull-dog bay
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old beard rode to the space
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waves his old slouch hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back."
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
"Go to the rear, and we'll give them a rout."
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their shout.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe;

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven
Wherever the tide of battle rolled,
Over the Wilderness, wood, and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o'er a field of a ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year,
Again o'er the pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum;
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb,
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into the history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved, as in battle he sat,
The grey-bearded man in the black slouch hat.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS BY E. C. WALTHALL AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, JUNE 3, 1891.

But we did not go to war for slavery, though slavery was interwoven with the causes and intensified the bitterness of the war, and the fate of slavery was forever settled by the result. We were not precipitated into it by reckless public

men who had not counted the cost, for the great leaders, and notably Mr. Davis, were slower in the movement than the masses of the Southern people. We did not take up arms because we were dissatisfied with our form of government, for we valued that then as we value it now; and we so loved the Constitution for the safeguards of liberty which we read in it, that we fashioned our Confederate Constitution after it as a model.

We loved the flag, too, with its stars telling of co-equal States in a common union so long as it floated above us with that symbolism.

The war with us did not originate in ambition, nor did we fight for spoils, for conquest, or for fame. With us it was no war of invasion, or of retaliation, or of revenge. It was not to build up some great leader's fortunes, nor to elevate some popular favorite to place or power. We went to war for none of these; but it was "to save the Constitution," as we read it, and to save ourselves and preserve our cherished form of government. We resisted these perversions which we believed would destroy that Constitution and us, and subvert that form of government. Those whose interests were not ours—as ours were not theirs—sought, as we believed, by "a system of constructions," to gain what was not given in the compact under which all were living, and to ignore and obliterate the true intent and meaning and purpose of that compact.

This perversion of the Constitution, as it seemed to us, was willful and systematic, and daily it grew more dangerous and unendurable; and we felt we could not, without dishonor and disaster, submit to what seemed inevitably coming and actually impending. Our rights and liberties seemed in the utmost peril, and the danger was increased by delay. After all efforts for peaceful solution had proved of no avail, and our great leader's plea, "We ask only for the Constitution," had brought forth no response, and only when there was "no longer any room for hope," did we "appeal to arms and to the God of battles." Then, throughout the South, "we must fight," was

sounded from the mountains to the sea, and we did fight; and to such a fight as our dead heroes and their comrades made there is no parallel in history, and never can be until some other people, equal to ours in courage and endurance, with the same stimulus and the same spirit of devotion, shall shut their eyes to untold odds against them, and close their ears to every warning of calculation or policy, and wage a great war upon a cherished sentiment and sincere conviction. It was the effort to establish the true boundary line between the constitutional authority of a State and the general Government that brought the war upon us. It was to maintain the theory of government which Mr. Calhoun and those of his school taught us that six hundred thousand Southern soldiers went eagerly to the field, and they to whom we raise this monument freely gave up their lives.

It was not for power, nor for riches, nor for ambition's sake, but for a great governmental principle of right, which was rooted and grounded in their faith and sanctioned by their judgments. Without faltering or wavering our martyred dead stood by this principle with their lives, and while the great guns of war shook to its centre this now peaceful and prosperous land; while men were slain by tens of thousands, and hearts were stricken, and homes were darkened; while the groans of the dying and the wails of those bereft burdened the very air from Maryland to the Rio Grande, inspired by their example, those who survied stood to the last by the teachings of Calhoun and Davis and those who held the same political faith.

* * * * * * * *

The records show that more than two million eight hundred and fifty thousand troops were furnished to the Union army by the States, and while, for lack of official data, I cannot state to a man the enlistments in the Southern army from first to last, the estimate has the sanction of high authority, deemed reliable, that the Confederate forces available for action during the entire war did not exceed six hundred thou-

sand soldiers, of whom there were not more than two hundred thousand arms-bearing men at any one time, and when the war closed half that number covered the whole effective force of all arms in all quarters of the Confederacy.

When the Union army was dissolved four hundred thousand more men were borne upon its rolls than the estimated number of available enlistments in the Southern army, from the spring of 1861 to the spring of 1865, and during that time there had been two hundred and seventy thousand Federal prisoners taken.

GRANT AND LEE.

In the *Southern Bivouac* for October will be found an interesting article upon U. S. Grant and R. E. Lee, from the pen of a Northerner. The author says of these: "There has been, as yet, no critical or even impartial biography written of either of them."

It must be admitted that when the two great captains met face to face upon the Rapidan, in May, 1864, Lee's reputation rested upon more battles fought—bloody, terrible battles—and victories won against greater odds than could be claimed for Grant. In comparing the military career of these two men the historian of another generation will say that they were strikingly alike in those characteristics that lie at the foundation of military success—in quiet confidence, in that combination of moral and physical courage, that heroic persistence which no calamity can defeat, which feels the assurance of victory in the very hour of disaster. He will also say that in mental power, in the capacity for rapid combination, in strategic invention which is seen in the skillful disposition of his troops before and in battle, in the genius that enables a general with inferior numbers to gain the stronger position and to have more men at the critical point and moment, and especially in the power of personally inspiring his men to endure and achieve, Lee was beyond question the greater commander.

Each was modest and unassuming, and while fully realizing the vast responsibility resting upon him, involving life and empire, and conscious that his every act and utterance was looked at and listened to by the whole world with intensest interest, yet neither of them betrayed a sign of faltering, or even exhibited the least spirit of arrogance or vainglory.

In Grant sincere and enlightened patriotism was superior to all meaner passions, and he cherished no feeling of animosity toward the people so lately in rebellion. He was, indeed, a man of tender heart and warm personal attachments, which last often blinded him to the vices of his real and pretended friends. But he was also a man of strong personal animosities—a thorough and consistent hater where he felt that he had been wronged; sometimes, too, when only his measures had been opposed and defeated. Therefore, when in power, he was sometimes unjust. In some respects he was a very humane, great man. In these respects Lee was much his superior; in by the high test of human greatness, Lee stands out as one of the noblest characters in American history. He was absolutely incapable of cherishing personal animosity or the spirit of revenge—not from weakness, but from loftiest controlling principle. His humanity was responsive to every suffering, whether of man or brute. He stooped in battle to replace in its nest a young bird that his cannon had shaken from the tree.

Grant ordered his soldiers to lay waste the country he invaded, so that it might furnish no support to the Confederate armies. Lee, while in Pennsylvania, ordered the arrest and punishment of any of his soldiers found guilty of taking the property of any citizen. * * * * * * *

The closing years of Lee's life recall what Plato says of the nobility, wisdom, and clemency of the great Socrates. His memorable words at Appomattox, spoken to his sorrowing comrades about to depart for their ravaged, desolate homes, interpret the high completeness of the character of this most remarkable man: "Human virtue should be equal to human

calamity." This noble sentiment—his parting benediction to his army—so completely illustrated in his own life, and in the loyalty and prosperity of the South, will forever attest the beneficent influence of his great example.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

[Literary Messenger, June, 1863.]

Our idol has been taken from us. The man we delighted most to honor, the chieftain loved and trusted beyond all others, is no more! Stonewall Jackson is no more! Thank heaven, he was not slain by the foe, nor can it be said that he was killed by his own men. The wounds they inflicted, though painful, were not enough of themselves to destroy his precious life. Still less fatal in itself was the cold bandage, which is said to have brought on the attack of pneumonia under which he succumbed.

Looking to all the antecedents of his death, we are forced to the conviction that this God-given leader was taken away by the all-wise Giver for beneficent reasons. His hour was come; his work was done. Let us bow humbly to the sad decree.

Jackson leaves a void which no man can fill. But his imperishable spirit lingers in the breasts of his soldiers. His courage and his fame, his blameless life and steadfast faith in the cause, still inspire the people in whose defence he died. They owe it to his spotless memory to make good the holy cause in which he perished, and by God's blessing they will not prove recreant to the sacred trust. If the blood of martyrs be the seed of the Church, the blood of heroes is the life-giving dew to the germs of liberty. The cause is doubly safe since Jackson's blood has consecrated it.

IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

BY D. B. LUCAS.

Fair were our visions! Oh, they were as grand
As ever floated out of Faërie land;
  Children were we in single faith,
  But Godlike children, whom nor death,
Nor threat, nor danger drove from Honor's path,
  In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men, as pride of birth could render;
As violets, our women pure and tender;
  And when they spoke, their voice did thrill,
  Until at eve, the poor whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking-bird, were mute and still
  In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever tracked tradition's ancient story;
  And in our dream we wove the thread
  Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
  In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content; and so God let them be;—
  Till envy coveted our land
  And those fair fields our valor won:
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
  In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled and our dreams grew wild,
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;
  Crimson the moon; between the Twins
  Barbed arrows fly; and then begins
Such strife as when disorder's Chaos reigns,
  In the land where we were dreaming.

Down from her sunlit heights smiled Liberty,
And waved her cap in sign of Victory—
The world approved, and everywhere
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The good, the brave, the just gave us their prayer
In the land where we were dreaming.

We fancied that a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talked in sleep of Rank, Commission,
Until so lifelike grew our vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked on high: a banner there was seen,
Whose field was blanched and spotless in its sheen—
Chivalry's cross its Union bears,
And vet'rans swearing by their scars
Vowed they would bear it through a hundred wars
In the land where we were dreaming.

A hero came amongst us as we slept;
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears
He swept across the field of Mars;
Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars—
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked again: another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will—
Full of grandeur, clothed with power,
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour
With stern, majestic sway—of strength a tower
In the land where we were dreaming.

As, while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free,
So, "Richmond's safe," we said, while we
Beheld a bronzed Hero—Godlike Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming.

* * * * * *

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No! dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again
From every vale—from every height
On which they *seemed* to die for right—
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
In the land where we were dreaming.

ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

AN ORDINANCE TO REPEAL THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AND TO RESUME ALL THE RIGHTS AND POWERS GRANTED UNDER SAID CONSTITUTION.

The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in convention on the 25th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1788, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the *United States*, and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression, and the *Federal Government* having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of *the people of Virginia*, but to the oppression of the *Southern slaveholding States:*

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain, That the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in convention on the 25th of June, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America

was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby *repealed* and *abrogated;* that the union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to *a free and independent State.*

And they do further declare, That the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day, when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule hereafter to be enacted.

Done in convention in the city of Richmond on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1861, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Signed,

W. M. Ambler,	Alfred M. Barbour,
E. M. Armstrong,	James Barbour,
Wm. B. Aston,	Ed. M. Chambers,
John B. Baldwin,	George Blow, Jr.,
George Baylor,	James Boisseau,
Miers W. Fisher,	Peter B. Borst,
Wm. Hamilton Macfarlane,	Wood Bouldin,
Hugh M. Nelson,	Wm. W. Boyd,
Johnson Orrick,	James C. Bruce,
Logan Osburn,	Benjamin W. Byrne,
Wm. C. Parks,	Thos. Stanhope Flournoy,
Wm. Ballard Preston,	William M. Forbes,
Wm. Campbell Scott,	John T. Sewell,
John M. Speed,	Geo. P. Taylor,
John T. Thornton,	Wm. M. Tredway,
Samuel Woods,	Benj. F. Wysor,
John J. Kindred,	Hervey Deskins,
Henry L. Gillespie,	Geo. W. Hall,

F. M. Cabell,
S. L. Graham,
Sam M. Garland,
Geo. W. Richardson,
Henry A. Wise,
J. T. Martin,
James Marshall,
A. F. Caperton,
Thos. Branch,
W. P. Cecil,
John A. Campbell,
John K. Chambliss, Sr.,
Sam'l A. Coffman,
R. M. Conn,
C. B. Conrad,
Robt. G. Conrad,
John Critcher,
Sam'l Price,
Timothy Rives,
Charles R. Slaughter,
Alex. H. H. Stuart,
Robt. H. Turner,
James H. Cox,
Samuel G. Staples,
James W. Sheffey.
Geo. W. Randolph,
James Lawson,
Andrew Parks,
Thos. Moslin,
Edw. D. McGuire,
Robt. E. Cowan,
Wm. L. Goggin,
John Goode, Jr.,
Fielden L. Hale,
James P. Holcombe,
John N. Hughes,
W. T. Sutherlin,
Jas. W. Hoge,
Robert C. Kent,
R. E. Grant,
Richard H. Cox,
Stephen A. Morgan,
John A. Robinson,
C. J. P. Cresap,
James B. Dorman,
Jubal A. Early,
Napoleon B. French,
Colbert C. Fugate,
Peyton Gravely,
Fendall Gregory, Jr.,
Addison Hall,
Cyrus Hall,
J. B. Miller,
Horatio G. Moffett,
David Pugh,
Peter Saunders, Sr.,
V. W. Southall,
John Tyler,
Ro. H. Whitfield,
Jas. G. Holladay,
Henry H. Masters,
Jeremiah Morton,
Thomas F. Goode,
Geo. Wm. Brent,
Wm. H. B. Custis,
W. P. Cooper,
Leonard S. Hall,
Allen C. Hammond,
Lewis E. Harvie,
Alpheus F. Haymond,
Peter C. Johnston,
John K. Kilby,

Lewis D. Isbell,
Walter D. Leake,
Chas. K. Mallory,
J. B. Mallory,
John L. Marye,
R. E. Scott,
J. D. Sharpe,
James Magruder Strange,
Wms. C. Wickham,
Wm. H. Dulany,
John Armistead Carter,
M. K. H. Garnett,
Manilius Chapman,
G. W. Berlin,
Thomas Sitlington,
Franklin P. Turner,
J. M. Heck,
Eppa Hunton,
Paul McNiel,
Robt. L. Montague,
Edmond Taylor Morriss,
S. W. D. Moore,
John Q. Marr,
Wm. J. Neblett,
Edward Waller,
Sam'l C. Williams,
Marmaduke Johnson,
Wm. White,
John Janney, President of Convention and delegate from Loudoun.
Algernon S. Gray,
Jas. V. Brooke,
Angus R. Blakey,
John Echols,
Burwell Spurlock,
J. B. Young.

Attest: JOHN L. EUBANK,
Secretary of the Convention.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE MONTHS OF JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1862.

JANUARY.

1st. Battle at Port Royal, S. C.; party of the enemy landed and were driven back to the shelter of their gunboats. President Davis' first public levee. Mason and Slidell left Boston.

4th. Judge John Hemphill, of Texas, died. Legislative Council of Kentucky elected Henry C. Burnett and William E. Simms Confederate senators.

5th. Skirmish at Hanging Rock, near Romney, Va.; Confederate troops surprised and driven back by a superior Federal force.

6th. French man-of-war approached Ship Island under a

neutral flag for the purpose of business with the French consul at New Orleans, and was fired into by Federal vessel; an apology soon made.

9th. Colonel Lubock, of the Texas Rangers, died. Burnside expedition left Annapolis.

10th. Battle of Prestonsburg, Ky.; the enemy repulsed by the Confederate forces under General Marshall.

12th and 13th. Burnside expedition left Old Point, and caught in a succession of damaging storms before and after reaching Hatteras.

16th. Battle near Ironton, Mo.; Confederate troops under Jeff. Thompson drove the enemy towards Pilot Knob.

18th. Ex-President Tyler died.

19th. Battle of Somerset or Mill Spring, Ky.; the Confederates under General Crittenden routed by the Federal forces under Thomas and Schœpf, after a severe fight.; Brigadier-General Zollicoffer slain.

23d. Virginia Legislature elected R. M. T. Hunter and William Ballard Preston Confederate senators.

FEBRUARY.

3d. Three Federal gunboats opened fire on Fort Henry, Tennessee.

6th. Fort Henry taken by Federal troops.

8th. Roanoke Island taken by Federal troops, after a heavy loss from a portion of the Confederate forces.

9th. Federal gunboats reached Florence, Ala.

13th. Battle commenced at Fort Donelson.

16th. Fort Donelson surrendered after three days' hard fighting, with heavy loss on both sides, particularly on the part of the enemy.

17th. Provisional Congress terminated.

18th. Permanent Congress of the Confederate States organized; R. M. T. Hunter elected president *pro tem.* of the Senate, and Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia, elected speaker of the House of Representatives.

22d. Jefferson Davis inaugurated President of the Confederate States.

BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

"The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict put him to flight, but not until the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood."—*Official Report of the Pamunkey Expedition—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, C. S. A. 1862.*

[From a Private Letter.]

Lieutenant Latané carried his brother's dead body to Mrs. Brockenborough's plantation an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. B.'s gate, and stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands he must surrender himself prisoner. * * * Mrs. B. sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves, who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate army. She watched the sods heaped upon the coffin-lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare and the stricken hearts he had left behind him to the mercy of the "All-Father."

From John R. Thompson's exquisite poem we copy the following:

* * * * * *

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair,
The next beheld him dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
Even thus he passed through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

* * * * * * *

Let us not weep for him whose deeds endure,
So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died
As he had wished to die;—the past is sure;
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot harm him now, nor touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,
Vietrix et vidua, the conflict done,
Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway,
Than thine, our early-lost, lamented Latané!

General Burnside remarked that he had never encountered a more desperate resistance than was made by the gallant four hundred at the barricade outside of which fell the chivalrous O. Jennings Wise, whose last words, recorded by the enemy, were in answer to the hope expressed by a Federal (Major Kimball), "that they should be still reunited under that flag—the Union colors"—to which the dying patriot replied: "Never, never! We will never live under that flag again. Every man, woman and child is willing to pour out the last drop of life's blood before we shall!"

GENERAL LEE.

Up to this time Lee had resisted the proposals for capitulation which had reached him from his adversary; but when this fatal news came from his most trusted officer, the gallant Gordon, who led his advance, he resigned himself to his fate. For a moment those who looked on him saw him almost overcome, and the first words of complaint ever heard from his lips during the war broke sharply forth: "I had rather die a

thousand deaths!" Musing sadly for a few seconds, as his men's favorite cry broke on his ear, "There's Uncle Robert!" in deep, sad tones he said to those near him, "How soon could I end all this and be at rest. 'Tis but to ride down the line and give the word, and all would be over." Then presently recovering his natural voice, he answered one who urged that the action might be misunderstood, "That is not the question. The question is whether it is right. And if it is right, I take the responsibility." Then after a brief silence, he added with a sigh, "It is our duty to live. What will become of the wives and children of the South if we are not here to protect them." So saying, he sent his flag of truce without further hesitation to Grant.

It is not to be expected that in an avowed eulogy of General Lee, the claims and characters of others should be strictly weighed, and, therefore, we are not surprised to find some statements very much open to question. But, on the whole, the eulogy is fair, and certainly deserved.

WE CHALLENGE THE COMPARISON.

General Hood can't be of the full-blooded chivalry. He has refused to receive money raised for him by subscription. It is the first instance we have ever seen recorded of a "Southern gentleman" too proud or too self-reliant to accept filthy lucre, come from what source it may.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

To which the Petersburg *Index* replies: "Then you are extremely ignorant of cotemporary history—that's all. Hood has only done what Lee did a dozen times, what Beauregard did, what Magruder did, what Longstreet did, and what President Davis did, and *what no Federal general has done.* The *Albany Journal* has made an unfortunate mistake in calling attention to this matter, as it suggests a comparison between the representative men and chief officers of the two armies not discreditable to the South. When Robert E. Lee was receiving $401 per month in Confederate money, at a time when that

sum would not purchase a half-barrel of flour, the writer of this paragraph moved, in the Legislature of Virginia, to present him, in view of his actual necessities, with $100,000. He would not receive it. A member of the Legislature, in view of the General's known unwillingness to accept presents of any sort, proposed to accomplish indirectly what it was impossible to achieve directly. General Lee was for several months in the employment directly of the State of Virginia, and received his pay for that service in Confederate money. It was proposed to pay him for that service *in gold*, deducting the gold value of the Confederate money he had received. A resolution to that effect was passed and communicated to him. He immediately replied that he had given a receipt in full to the State of Virginia, did not consider himself entitled to further compensation, and therefore respectfully declined the sum tendered.

"*At that time General Lee and his staff were destitute of the commonest necessaries of life, and frequently without animal food.* All will remember, likewise, how vainly the people of Richmond endeavored to force a present of a residence in that city on General Lee, at a time when his family were fugitives from their beautiful home. The noble response of Magruder to the people of Texas, who contributed a handsome purse to procure a fine plantation during the war, was the impulse and utterance of the universal spirit of the Southern soldiers: "No, gentlemen, when I espoused the cause of the South I embraced poverty, and willingly accepted it." Such, also, was the conduct of Mr. Davis, who, shortly after his arrival in Richmond, was presented by the generous citizens of our capital with the mansion which he occupied during the war. He declined, respectfully but positively, to receive it on any other terms than being permitted to pay rent for it at the usual percentage of cost for which such property is rented. And Mr. Davis's salary per annum was not equal to General Grant's per month.

"It is not necessary to enlarge upon the contrast between these acts and the course of General Grant, etc. If this contrast is not creditable to our Northern brethren, let them remember that *we* did not provoke it."

"PATRIOTIC SOUTHERN LADIES."

A correspondent of the *Petersburg Express*, writing from Clarksville, Virginia, January 1st, says:

"There lives in the lower end of Mecklenburg county, Virginia, two sisters and one brother. Some time in June last the brother volunteered in defence of the South. The sisters said "Go—and we will do the best we can!"; and what they have done is not to be beaten.

They have clothed their brother, gathered the crop, and taken care of it; wove about one hundred yards of cloth for the soldiers, and made about forty garments for them, beside taking care of and feeding all the stock. Such patriotism can never be overrun by the Yankee vandals, let them come as they may. I withhold the names, but it is certainly true."

FROM MATOACA GAY'S ARTICLES IN THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

In a diary kept at the time by an official in the War Department, I find this entry:

May 10, 1861.—The ladies are sewing everywhere, and are full of ardor. Love affairs are plentiful, but the ladies are postponing all engagements till their lovers have fought the Yankees. Their influence is very great. Day after day they go in crowds to the Fair Grounds, where the First South Carolina volunteers are encamped, showering upon them smiles and every delicacy which the city can afford. They wine them and dine them, and they deserve it, for they are just from the taking of Sumter, and have won historic distinction. I was presented to several very distinguished looking young men, all of them privates, and was told by their captain that many of them were worth from $100,000 to half a million. These are the men the *Tribune* thought would all of them want to be captains; but that is only one of the hallucinations under which the North is now laboring.

BISHOP ELLIOTT'S EULOGY.

[Literary Messenger, January, 1863.]

God forbid, says Bishop Elliott, that I should take one atom of honor or of praise from those who led our hosts upon those days of glory—from the accomplished and skillful Lee; from the God-fearing and indomitable Jackson, upon whose prayer-bedewing banner victory seems to wait; from the intrepid Stuart, whose cavalry charges imitate those of Murat; from that great host of generals who swarm around our country's flag as did Napoleon's marshals around the imperial city; but, nevertheless, our victories are the victories of the privates. It is the enthusiastic dash of their onsets, the fearless bravery with which they rush even to the cannon's mouth, the utter recklessness of life, if so be that its sacrifice may only lead to victory, the heartfelt impression that the cause is the cause of every man, and that success is necessary. What intense honor do I feel for the private soldier! The officers *may* have motives other than the cause—the private soldier *can* have *none*. He knows that his valor must pass unnoticed, save in the narrow circle of his company; that his sacrifice can bring no honor to his name, no reputation to his family; that if he survives, it is to enter upon new dangers, with but little hope of distinction; that if he dies he will probably receive only an unmarked grave; and yet he is proud to do his duty and to maintain his part in the destructive conflict. His comrades fall around him thick and fast, but with a sigh and a tear he closes his ranks and presses on to a like destiny.

Truly, the first monument which our Confederacy rear, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription:

"*To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead.*"

A letter from Jackson's army, dated October 21, 1862, writing of the spoils from Pope's defeat, says: What think you of pickled oysters, lobsters, smoked beef-tongues, West-

phalia hams, coffee, sugar (brown and white), lemons, oranges, plums, nuts, cakes, besides any quantities of more substantial food, in the shape of "hard-tack" and pork, not to mention a goodly supply of brandy, wines, rum, and whiskey? *We* had a gay time, and verily enjoyed the luxuries which had been collected here for the refreshment of "Doodles." They seemed to have set themselves down here to live—every comfort that heart could wish—even their wives.

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a list of the different hospitals in the city:

ARMY HOSPITALS.

Camp Winder: Western suburbs of the city.

Chimborazo: On the hill overlooking Richmond.

General: Northern terminus of Second street.

Louisiana (formerly Baptist College): Western termination of Broad street.

Byrd-street: Southern termination of Ninth street, near the river.

South Carolina: Manchester, approached by Mayo's bridge, end of Fourteenth street.

PRIVATE HOSPITALS.

Bellevue: Broad Street, Church Hill.

College: Corner Marshall and Eleventh streets.

Soldiers' Home: Corner of Clay and Henry.

Baptist Church: Fourth street, between Lee and Laurel.

Robertson's: Corner Main and Third streets.

St. Frances de Sale: Brook avenue, near Bacon's-Quarter Branch.

First Georgia: Twenty-first street, between Main and Cary.

Second Georgia: Twenty-ninth street, between Main and Franklin.

Third Georgia: Corner Franklin and Twenty-fourth streets.

First Alabama: Broad street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth.

Second Alabama: Corner Franklin and Twenty-fifth streets.

Royster's: Twenty-fifth street, between Main and Franklin.

Banner: Corner Franklin and Nineteenth streets.

Globe: Nineteenth street, between Main and Franklin.

HOSPITALS RECENTLY OPENED.

Liggon & Howard's Factory: Main street, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth.

Crow's Factory: Corner Cary and Twenty-first streets.

Seabrook's Warehouse: Corner Grace and Eighteenth streets.

Kent, Paine & Co.'s: Main street, between Eleventh and Twelfth.

Keen, Baldwin & Co.'s: Main street, below Governor.

St. Charles Hotel: Corner Main and Wall streets.

Masonic Hall: Twenty-fifth street, Church Hill.

Breeden & Fox's Store: Broad street, Shockoe Hill.

Spotswood: Under Spotswood hotel.

Mayo's and Dibrell's warehouses, and the Danville workshops in Manchester, have been opened for hospitals.

Hospital tents have been erected at Howard's Grove; Naval hospital; Howard's hospital; Atkinson's factory, Main street; Third Alabama hospital; Fourth Alabama hospital; Fourth Georgia hospital, Twenty-third street; Company G's Hall, Twenty-eighth street, between M and N; Samaritan hospital; Clopton's hospital; Soldier's Rest, Clay street, between Fifth and Sixth; Henningsen hospital, Locust Alley, below the Exchange hotel.

Bacon & Baskervill's; Cary street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

Bailey's Factory: Seventh street, between Main and Cary.

Moore's: Main street, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth.

Howard's Grove: On the Mechanicsville road, one mile from city.

Centenary: Basement of Centenary church.
Gwathmey's: Corner Cary and Twenty-fifth streets.
United States Hotel: Corner Nineteenth and Main streets.
End of Hospital Directory.

FROM AN OLD PAPER—"THE DAILY CITIZEN."

(PRINTED IN VICKSBURG, JULY 2, 1863, ON WALL-PAPER, NOW IN THE HANDS OF AN OLD "VET." AT CAMP HARDEE, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.)

(1)

We are indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef *alias* meat. We have tried it, and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary they need have no fears at eating the meat. It is sweet, savory, and tender, and so long as we have a mule left, we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist upon it.

Among the many good deeds we hear spoken of with pride by our citizens, we cannot refrain from mentioning the case of Mr. F. Kiser. This gentleman having more corn than he thought was necessary to last him during the siege of this place, portioned off what he thought would do him for the brief interval that will ensue before the arrival of succor to to our garrison, and since that time has relieved the wants of many families *free of charge!* May he live long and prosper, and his name be handed down to posterity when the siege of Vicksburg is written, as one in whose breast the "milk of human kindness" had not dried up.

(2)

VICKSBURG, MISS., *Thursday, July 2, 1863.*

On Dit.—That the great Ulysses, the Yankee generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Sunday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Joe Johnston to join, he said "No, for fear there will be a row at the table." Ulysses must get into the city before he

dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first catch the rabbit," &c. * * * * * *

NOTE.—*July 4, 1863.*—Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has "caught the rabbit." He has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The *Citizen* lives to see it. For the last time it appears on "wall paper." No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet nevermore. This is the last wall-paper *Citizen*, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.

PERSONAL IN SAVANNAH NEWS.

In 1865, while her husband was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, with her four helpless and dependent little children, came by steamer to Savannah. She and her children were landed on the wharf without a protector. The city was then in the possession of the Federal army, and the bayonets were bristling in every street. The wharf was crowded with spectators expecting the arrival of Mrs. Davis. There she stood, a stranger among strangers, for want of *gallantry*, or, perhaps, from *fear* of the soldiers, if any civility was extended to Mrs. Davis. The gaping crowd *stood* and gazed! Seeing the friendless and disconsolate condition of this noble lady, Mr. Tison pressed his way through the crowd, approached Mrs. Davis, introduced himself and offered his services. He took charge of Mrs. Davis and her children, gave directions about her luggage, procured a conveyance, escorted her to the Pulaski House, had provided for her comfortable apartments, and pledged himself to the landlord to be responsible for all Mrs. Davis' expenses while a guest in the house. Here was an act of gallantry, sympathy, and heroism which, of all that crowd, but one man, William H. Tison, had the moral courage to perform.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

WORDS BY MOINA. MUSIC BY ARMAND.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! All in vain!
Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

THE LONE SENTRY.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

The Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond, in a sermon in memory of the beloved Stonewall Jackson, narrates the following incident:

Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour came for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the General's tent, and said: "General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but who is asleep. Shall I wake them?" "No," said Jackson, "let them sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night." And all night long he rode round that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave but weary and silent body of heroes. And when glorious morning broke, the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action, all unconscious of the noble vigils kept over their slumbers.

'Twas in the dying of the day
The darkness grew so still,
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds,
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow,
The dreamful eyes seem hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
The wistful glance peered o'er the plains
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
  Its grand and awful scroll—
Manassas and the Valley march
  Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by,
  With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel hosts
  Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us
  With one resistless moan,
While up the Valley of the Lord
  He marches to the throne.
He kept the faith of men and saints,
  Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
  Who watched the camp that night.

Brothers! the midnight of the cause
  Is shrouded in our fate,
The demon Goths pollute our halls
  With fire and lust and hate.
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
  Strike home for Heaven and Right!
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad
  And guards the camp to-night.

"A YANKEE PRAYER."

The following parody on the Lord's Prayer was found written on the leaf of a tract on the person of a dead Yankee on the battle-field of Sharpsburg, and has been furnished us for publication. We infer from this that the Yankee soldier was more wrathful than pious, and withal slightly "demoralized":

"Our father, who art in Washington, Abraham Lincoln be thy name! Thy will be done at the North as it is at the South!

Give us this day our daily rations of crackers and bacon, and forgive us our shortcomings as we forgive our quartermasters and commissaries, for thine is the power, the nigger, and the soldiers, for the term of three years. Amen."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

(FOUND ON THE BODY OF A SERGEANT OF THE OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.)

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night;
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech as pat—
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows o'er well—
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell—
Lord save his soul! we'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff;
Attention! 'tis his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God—
"Lay bare thine arm; stretch forth thy rod;
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off! He'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn!
What matter if our feet are torn!
"Quickstep—we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge—
Pope and his Yankees whipped before—
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born,
Than get in "Stonewall's way."

THE TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN.

BY CAPTAIN THORPE, KENTUCKY.

Unclaimed by the land that bore us,
Lost in the land, we find
The brave have gone before us;
Cowards are left behind.
Then stand to your glasses, steady;
Here's a health to those we prize,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies.

[Written for the Illustrated News, October 18, 1862.]

"FOOT CAVALRY CHRONICLE."

BY HARD CRACKER.

1. Man that is born of woman and enlisteth in "Jackson's army," is of few days and short rations.

2. He cometh forth at "reveille," is present also at "retreat," and retireth apparently at "taps."

3. He draweth his rations from the commissary, and devoureth the same; he striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied; he filleth his canteen with *aqua pura*, and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while goeth away rejoicing at the strategy.

4. Much soldiering hath made him sharp; yea, even the sole of his shoe is in danger of being cut through.

5. He fireth his Minie rifle in the dead hour of night, and the camp is aroused and formed in line, when to his mess he cometh bearing a fine "porker," which he declared so resembleth a Yankee that he was compelled to pull trigger.

6. The grunt of a pig and the crowing of a cock awaketh him from the soundest sleep, and he sauntereth forth in search of the quadruped or biped that dareth to "make night hideous," and many other marvelous things doeth he; and lo! are they not already recorded in the morning reports of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry?"

Camp of the Turned-over and Used-ups, Sept. 27, 1862.

"MOTHER LINCOLN'S MELODIES."

Little Be-Pope,
He lost his hope,
"Coz" Jackson he couldn't find him.
He found him at last,
And ran very fast,
With his tail hanging down behind him.

Burnside, Burnside, whither doth thou wander,
Up stream, down stream, like a crazy gander?

The man in the North,
He pledged his troth,
To find a Richmond barber,
But the man in the South,
He mashed his mouth
At a place they call Cold Harbor.

Old Mother *Seward*,
She went to the *Lee*-ward,
To get her dog *Union* a bone.
She got to Manassas,
And saw them harass us—
Lord! how Mother Seward did groan.

Pope and McDcDowell
Fighting for a town,
Up jumped General Lee
And knocked 'em both down.

Yankee was a bad man, Yankee was a thief,
Yankee came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Yankee's house, Yankee he had fled,
Caught him on the battle-field, and there I killed him dead.

TO DYE COTTON OR WOOL BROWN.

A lady friend sends us the following recipe for dyeing cotton or wool brown: Take the bark of the root of the common wild plum, boil in iron or brass, as most convenient, until the dye looks almost black; strain, and add a small quantity of copperas dissolved in a small quantity of the dye. Add the articles to be dyed; boil an hour or so; wring out, and dip in strong cold lye. When dry, rinse in cold water. This gives a genuine bright brown, which is the prettiest contrast for

blue, and when checked in together makes a dress becoming enough for the proudest Southern dame or belle. Try it.—*"Economy," in Southern Illustrated News, October 4, 1862.*

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As an evidence that we are leaving no stone unturned to give the public a first-class literary paper, we take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the valuable services of the following-named talented gentlemen and ladies, each of whom will contribute weekly to the columns of this paper:

W. Gilmore Simms, James Barron Hope, Hugh R. Pleasants, John R. Thompson, Dr. Bagby ("Mozis Addums"), Rev. J. C. McCabe, D. D., S. S. Bryant, Margaret Stilling, Grace Millwood, Mrs. Herbert (Louise Manhiem), Zilla Bryant, Laura Leason, and many other writers whose names are withheld from motives of delicacy.—*Southern Illustrated News.*

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Last night as I toasted
My wet feet, and roasted
A small bit of beef by a similar blaze,
While nought but the wheezings,
The snorings, and sneezings
Of comrades grouping in Dreamland's haze
Disturbed the fond vision—
The picture Elysian—
That Fancy's weird wand conjured up to my thought,
As she stood like a spooke,
In a garb of blue smoke,
And amid the hot embers her wonders she wrought.

Adown a highway
Were marching so gay
An army with banners bedecked o'er and o'er
With the brightest garlands,
Wove by fairest of hands,
While a flaming bouquet stuck in each musket bore.
Each triumphal arch
It met on the march
Was blazoned with "Peace"; "Welcome home each loved one";
While maid, wife, and mother
Would with rapture discover
And rush out to meet lover, husband, and son!

I forgot my sore toes—
Nay, all of my woes—
As I sprang to the threshold and clasped her dear waist;
And every campaign
I'd gone over again
To get from those ripe lips another such taste.
But as I flew to her
I dropped my fine skewer,
And with it my supper. I mastered my grief
As the vanishing vision
Of joy's Elysian,
But I couldn't get over the loss of the beef!

[To the tune of "Little Bo-Peep."]

"Poor Johnnie Pope
Has lost his coat,
But let him never mind it;
When he comes down
On Richmond town
There he'll be sure to find it."

RICHMOND'S GREAT DAY—OCTOBER 27, 1887.

THE CORNER-STONE OF THE LEE MONUMENT LAID—THE PROCESSION OVER A MILE LONG—GOVERNOR'S SPEECH—PRAYER DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. HOGE—THE LATE CAPTAIN JAMES BARRON HOPE'S POEM READ.

[From The Virginian.]

A day of greater feeling and demonstration was perhaps never known in this city than this, the 27th day of October, when the corner-stone of the Lee monument was laid. The morning broke cool and with an uncomfortable, drizzling rain, but patriotism knew no obstacle. The love of the people for Lee could not be mitigated. The city was crowded with visitors, and early in the morning the healthy and decrepit, young and old, came forth from their comfortable quarters and immerged into the showery atmosphere to see the celebration incident to the laying of the corner-stone. For two days the influx of military companies and war veterans had been large, and all knew, be it rain or sunshine, the celebration to-day would be an honor to the great Southern chief. About 10:30 o'clock the procession formed with Governor Lee and General Wade Hampton at the head; the three cavalry companies (Stuart Horse Guard, Surry troop, and Hanover) were next. The procession was a mile and one-third long, and took fifty minutes to pass a given point. The home of General Lee from 1861 to 1865, on Franklin street, was beautifully and appropriately decorated. The coat of arms of Lee and Virginia were upon the wall. The arms of Lee contain the motto, "*non in cautius fure*"—not unmindful of futurity. Governor Lee and General Hampton passed this house with uncovered heads, as did the veterans and cavalry companies. At this point a large crowd congregated, and the cheering was enthusiastic. Most of the bands played "Dixie" as they passed, and the soldiers were given orders to "shoulder arms." The Lee family were in carriages. The procession reached the site of the monument about 1 o'clock; the rain was still falling.

The committee decided not to have the address delivered at the grounds, but in the hall of the House of Delegates to-night. Governor Lee called the meeting to order, and said:

"Citizens and comrades, as Governor of Virginia, I am by law a member of the Lee Monumental Association, and by the action of the association I am its president. The duty, therefore, devolves upon me of calling this vast assemblage to order. The ceremonies now about to commence mark an event, not only in the history of Virginia and its capital city, but are of great interest to all sections where the heroism of the Southern soldier is appreciated and remembered. The proceedings here will now be opened by a prayer from Richmond's distinguished divine, Rev. Dr. Hoge.

Dr. Hoge stepped forward and fervently delivered the following prayer:

DR. HOGE'S PRAYER.

Almighty God! Fountain of Life and Father of Mercies, there is no offering of gratitude, no tribute of thanksgiving which is not thy due—none which we would not bring thee at this very hour, as we bow before thy footstool.

With humble reverence we invoke thy blessing upon this great multitude gathered to unite in these impressive ceremonies.

Let thy benediction rest upon these organizations, military and municipal; upon these associations representing the industrial pursuits of the people; upon these fraternities, philanthropic and charitable; upon these institutions and societies whose aim is the advancement of sound learning and the material and moral welfare of the citizens of this State and of our common country.

We recognize thy gracious providence over our Commonwealth from its foundation to this auspicious day. Thou hast made it not only the mother of States, but of the men whose virtue and valor have been illustrated in the halls of legislation and on the fields of conflict—men whose names are the purest in human history—and whose memories are the heritage

of all whose hearts beat in sympathy with exalted worth and unselfish devotion to freedom, truth, and justice throughout this great Union from north to south and from east to west.

Especially do we bless thee for the life and example of the patriot, soldier, sage, and servant of God, in grateful and loving honor of whose memory we unite in these solemnities.

In words wise and fitly chosen may he whose office it is this day to portray his character and worth so perform his high duty that our souls may be kindled afresh with the love of those virtues which made his life illustrious and his memory immortal.

Great God! as we stand in the midst of this vast and jubilant throng of the living, we pause in reverential silence to hear the voice of thy providence reminding us that one who was to have borne his honored part in these services is now numbered with the dead. The poet dies—the undying song survives. The hand that tuned the harp is cold and still—the melody it awakes yet sounds to entrance the ear of the living. O God of pity! bless and comfort the family of our departed brother, and be thou their strength, support, and consolation.

O thou that hearest prayer, we beseech thee receive and accept these our humble supplications; and help us all so to discharge the duties we owe to thee and to our fellow men that we may pass from lives of usefulness and honor into an immortality of rest and peace; and to God most high, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we will give the glory evermore. Amen.

The Governor then resumed his remarks. "The death of the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia occurred at Lexington the 12th of October, 1870, and the people of that section at once determined to organize an association with the intention of marking in an appropriate manner the place of his burial. Valentine's recumbent statue is there to-day to prove they have fully and faithfully executed their trust. In this city the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, never weary in work for the Confederate soldier, living or dead, at once proceeded to take the necessary steps to collect money to erect

a monument to General Lee in Richmond or its vicinity. Another society was formed for the same purpose a little later, and was the result of a call by General Jubal Early (the senior Confederate soldier in Virginia) for a meeting of his Confederate comrades for the purpose of testifying their sorrow at the death of their commander, and perfecting an organization to build to his memory a monument. A memorial meeting on the 3d of November, 1870, was the result of General Early's action, and a monument association was promptly organized. The funds collected by this last body were during Governor Kemper's administration, and placed by them into the hands of a State board, consisting of the Governor, Auditor, and Treasurer. At the request of the Board of Managers (of which General Early was president), this board then assumed the place of the former one, and this action was confirmed by law. These two associations, having the same objective point, then proceeded to carry out the object for which they were formed, and after my installation to office efforts to consolidate the two organizations into one were successfully made. Now, with united purpose we propose to continue this work of love, and in two years from this date I invite you here again to witness the unveiling upon this spot of an equestrian statue to General Lee. We have in our midst to-day the officer who first organized the move to form within the ranks of the Confederate soldier an association to perpetuate the memory of the army commander, who was the first president of the Lee Monument Association, and whose heart to-day beats as steady and strong for the strong as it throbs tender and true for the dead. I voice the unanimous wish of our association in asking Jubal A. Early to preside over this meeting, and I now with great pleasure present him to this audience."

General Jubal A. Early took the chair amid applause. He made a few earnest and appropriate remarks, and introduced Mr. Gordon McCabe, who was selected to read the poem of the late lamented J. Barron Hope.

[This poem was written by Captain James Barron Hope, to-

be read at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument at Richmond yesterday. The author had just finished his work, when, on the 15th of September, he died suddenly of heart disease. Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, representing the Monumental Committee, has selected William Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, the life-long friend of the dead poet, to deliver the poem on the occasion of the monument ceremonies on the 27th instant.]

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

Great Mother of great Commonwealths
  Men called our Mother State;
And she so well has earned this name
  That she may challenge Fate
To snatch away the epithet
  Long given her of "great."

First of all Old England's outposts
  To stand fast upon these shores,
Soon she brought a mighty harvest
  To a people's threshing floors,
And more than golden grain was piled
  Within her ample doors.

Behind her stormy sunrise shone,
  Her shadow fell vast and long,
And her mighty Adm'ral, English Smith,
  Heads a prodigious throng
Of as mighty men, from Raleigh down,
  As ever arose in song.

Her names are the shining arrows
  Which her ancient quiver bears,
And their splendid sheaf has thickened
  Through the long march of the years,
While her great shield has been burnished
  By her children's blood and tears.

Yes, it is true, my countrymen,
We are rich in names and blood,
And red have been the blossoms
From the first Colonial bud,
While her names have blazed as meteors
By many a field and flood.

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled,
Give back the evening's glories
In a wealth of blazing gold;
So does the present from its waves
Reflect the lights of old.

Our history is a shifting sea,
Locked in by lofty land,
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
Above the shining sand,
I here behold in majesty
Uprising on each hand.

These Pillars of our history,
In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
And named in every tongue,
And down through all the ages
Their story shall be sung.

The Father of his Country
Stands above that shut-in sea,
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him—
And matches him with Lee.

II.

Who shall blame the social order
  Which gave us men as great as these?
Who condemn the soil of t' forest
  Which bring forth gigantic trees?
Who presume to doubt that Providence
  Shapes out our destinies?

Foreordained, and long maturing,
  Came the famous men of old.
In the dark mines deep were driven
  Down the shafts to reach the gold;
And the story is far longer
  Than the histories have told.

From Bacon down to Washington
  The generations passed,
Great events and moving causes
  Were in serried order massed;
Berkeley well was first confronted,
  Better, George, the King, at last.

From the times of that stern ruler
  To our own familiar days
Long the pathway we have trodden,
  Hard and devious were its ways,
Till at last there came the second
  Mightier Revolution's blaze;

Till at last there broke the tempest
  Like a cyclone on the sea,
When the lightnings blazed and dazzled,
  And the thunders were set free;
And riding on that whirlwind came
  Majestic Robert Lee.

Who—again I ask the question—
  Who may challenge in debate,
With any show of truthfulness,
  Our former social state
Which brought forth more than heroes
  In their lives supremely great?

Not Peter the wild Crusader
  When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his belted knights
  In the Poet's Song could be
More earnest than those Southern men
  Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right, and this
  Was hammered into those
Who held that crest all drenched in blood
  Where the "Bloody Angle" rose.
As for all else? It passes by
  As the idle wind that blows.

III.

Then stand up, oh, my countrymen!
  And unto God give thanks,
On mountains and on hillsides
  And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
  Of the grand Confederate ranks;

That you who came from uplands
  And from beside the sea
Filled with love of old Virginia
  And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
  That you followed Robert Lee.

Peace has come. God give his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame;
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame!

Nay! Send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride,
With love for our living comrades
And with praise for those who died:
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our conscience alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory
Is assuaged and disappears
When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears,
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears.

And hence to-day, my countrymen,
We come with undimmed eyes,
In homage of the hero Lee,
The good, the great, the wise!
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint
  Stormwinds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops—
  Set volcanic forces free;
But bid me not, my countrymen,
  To picture Robert Lee!

As Saul, bound for Damascus fair,
  Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dazzled
  By a radiance pure and white
Shot back by the burnished armor
  Of that glory-belted knight.

His was all the Norman's polish
  And sobriety of grace;
All the Goth's majestic figure;
  All the Roman's noble face;
And he stood the tall exemplar
  Of a grand historic race.

Baronial were his acres where
  Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage, and his blazon
  Was by cunning heralds done;
But better still he might have said
  Of his "works" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him always
  From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow,
  Valor lightened all his cares,
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
  Last of all the Cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him
  Great in action and repose,
Saw how his genius kindled
  And his mighty spirit rose
When the four quarters of the globe
  Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
  As the danger grew more rife,
Avaricious they of glory
  But most prodigal of life,
And the "Army of Virginia"
  Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him,
  Thick as waves that beat the shore,
ATRA CURA rode behind him,
  Famine's shadow filled his door;
Still he wrought deeds no mortal man
  Had ever wrought before.

IV.

Then came the end, my countrymen,
  The last thunderbolts were hurled!
Worn out by his own victories
  His battle-flags were furled,
And a history was finished
  That has changed the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
  Of a bloody Roman game,
As the prize of his endeavor
  Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our Soldier
  Won the crown of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely great
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State),
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die!—
No funeral bells are tolled—
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before,
His journey on when CHRIST THE LORD
Wide open held the door,
And a calm, celestial peace is his:
Thank God forevermore.

V.

When the effigy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high
'Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here to-day, my Countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "rebel" down the years—
Twin "rebels" side by side—
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

These two shall ride immortal
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme!
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both "rebels," both sublime.

Our past is full of glory,
It is a shut-in sea,
The Pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee:—
And a future spreads before us
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my Countrymen,
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel: It was "OUR FATHER"
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea,
Like Robert Lee
Bow reverently to GOD.

DISPATCHES FROM GENERAL JACKSON.

VALLEY DISTRICT, *May 9, 1861.*
Via Staunton, May 10.

To GENERAL S. COOPER:

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General.*

After a four hours' bloody fight near McDowell with Milroy, Jackson captured 100 boxes ammunition, 500 Enfield rifles and minie muskets, 60 to 75 cavalry saddles, and nearly 200 head of cattle which had been stolen from the citizens in the vicinity.

WINCHESTER, *May 26.*

During the last three days God has blessed our arms with

brilliant success. On Friday the Federals at Front Royal were routed, and one section of artillery, in addition to many prisoners, captured. On Saturday Banks' main column, whilst retreating from Strasburg to Winchester, was pierced, the rear part retreating towards Strasburg. On Sunday the other part was routed at this place. At last accounts Brigadier-General George H. Stuart was pursuing them with cavalry and artillery, and capturing many. A large amount of medical, ordnance, and other stores have fallen into our hands.

T. J. JACKSON.

The result of this fight was the annihilation of an army from 12,000 to 15,000, the capture of 6,000 fine rifles, 2,000 muskets, 600 sacks of salt, 400 wagons, many horses, twelve pieces of artillery (three being rifled Parrot guns), $100,000 worth of medicines, hospital stores of every imaginable kind, every luxury a sick man could desire, and clothes without limit. A portion of the captured stores had to be destroyed, but all the guns and medicines were saved.

From the battle of Port Republic comes his dispatch:

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, *9th*,
Via Staunton, June 10, 1862.

To S. COOPER, *Adjutant-General:*

Through God's blessing, the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

(Signed) T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General Commanding.

EXTRACT FROM "THE BURNING OF HAMPTON"—OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

General B. F. Butler was in command at Old Point in May, 1861, and held possession of a number of runaway slaves who had escaped from Hampton. Upon the complaint of prominent citizens Colonel John B. Cary, then Major in command,

sent a flag of truce to General Butler—probably the first of the war—asking for a conference with the view of learning the line of policy he proposed to adopt towards the people.

General Butler responded favorably, and that afternoon (the 24th of May) was appointed for the meeting. The details of this interview have been reported with tolerable accuracy in a Northern campaign paper engaged in the futile attempt to raise a boom for General Butler for the Presidency.

The General vaunted his State's-rights doctrines, claiming credit for having voted for Jefferson Davis fifty-two times in the "Charleston Convention," and stated that he had come down to Virginia to teach the people Jeffersonian democracy; to which his interlocutor replied that he was not aware that Virginia needed instruction in political science, but that if such were the case she would certainly not select him as her preceptor.

The discussion proceeded pleasantly for two hours, during which the General applied, for the first time it is believed, the title of "contraband" to the slaves of the Southern people.

When about to separate Major Cary remarked he had only one request to make personal to himself, which was that he might be allowed to move his library to a place of safety—the port of Hampton being blockaded, and no ingress or egress being allowed by water.

This favor Butler promised to grant, on the plea that "books neither fed nor clothed an army," and the next day he sent the required "permit" to take them to Smithfield, Va.

Hampton, however, was evacuated on the following Monday, before there was any opportunity of taking advantage of this courtesy, but General Butler was not forgetful of his promise, as will be seen from the following communication, voluntarily sent under a flag of truce after the engagement at Bethel:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
June 22, 1861.

Major JOHN B. CARY:

Dear Sir,—Finding that your library had been disturbed at

Hampton, I have done that which I advised you to do—brought it to "Fortress Monroe" for safe-keeping, where it awaits your requisition, unless you deem it safer there than anywhere else you can send it.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

Every effort was made to profit by this unexpected kindness, as the books possessed a value far greater than their intrinsic worth. Communications were sent, and interviews sought, twice under a special "flag of truce," but the "rest was silence," and the library was never recovered. After the war it was found to have been placed in the hospital (now the "Soldier's Home," near Hampton), where a few scattered and defaced volumes were collected and brought away as souvenirs of the traditional fairness of love and war.

RATDENLINDEN.

BY COL. B. H. JONES, PRISONER OF WAR.

In prison, when the sun was up,
Each "reb" licked clean his plate and cup,
And not a scrap left for our pup—
Little "Reb"*—the terrier.

But Ratden saw another sight,
When "Yanks" lit up each sentry light,
Scattering far the shades of night
Within the Federal bastilery.

Then quick, at certain signal made,
Each "Reb" intent upon a "raid,"
With stick in lieu of battle blade,
Fiercely assailed the rattery.

* "Reb," a small terrier dog, a great favorite among the prisoners, and famous as a rat catcher.

Then were their secret dens upriven,
Then scampered rats in terror driven,
No quarter them by "Rebs" was given—
It was a bloody massacre.

Fiercer and louder grows the "row,"
Fiercer and keener "Reb's" "bow-wow!"
We've had enough of Yankee "cow,"
Unless it could some fatter be!

'Tis taps now, yet to-morrow's sun
Will prove our work has been well done;
A full day's "rash" of "grub" we've won—
To us a bloodless victory.

"The combat deepens! On, ye brave"!
Resolved *rat* bacon now to save!
Strike, rebels, strike! with stone and stave—
"Go in," ye little terrier.

Few rats shall part where many meet;
Lank "Rebs" will free their bones of meat—
'Twere better far of rats to eat,
Than die of hunger bodily.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, *November 3, 1864.*

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

(LINES WRITTEN BY AN UNKNOWN HAND OVER THE TOMB OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT NEW ORLEANS.)

Behind this stone is laid,
for a season,
a General in the Army of the Confederate States,
who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
on the 6th day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-two; a man tried in many high offices and critical enterprises, and found faithful in all.

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience; and even that life, on a woeful Sabbath, did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.

Not wholly understood was he while he lived, but in his death his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting in that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.

In his honor, impregnable; in his simplicity, sublime.

No country e'er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion, no people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim, than the dead soldier who sleeps here.

The cause for which he perished is lost; the people for whom he fought are crushed; the hopes in which he trusted are shattered; the Flag which he loved guides no more the charging lines; but his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which, happily, is not so much the tomb of Virtue as its shrine, shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.

In honor, now, our great Captain rests; a bereaved people mourn him.

Three commonwealths proudly claim him.

Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame, have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

On the morning of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Major-General Patrick Cleburne, C. S. A., while riding along the line encouraging his men, beheld an old friend—a captain in his command—his feet bleeding from cold and other causes. Alighting from his horse, he asked the Captain to "please" pull off his boots. The Captain did so, when General Cleburne told him to try them on. This the Captain also did. General Cleburne then mounted his horse, told the Captain he was tired of wearing them, and could do very well without them. He would hear of no remonstrance, and bidding the Captain good-bye, rode away. In this condition he was found dead at the

close of the battle. An officer within a few feet of him when he fell says his last words were, "I'm killed, boys; but fight it out."

MISSING.

In the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the old green sward,
And the winds and the birds and the limped brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy mold,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross
Through the flickering fringes of the willow?
Who lies, alas! so still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier-lad in a Zouave dress,
A bright-haired boy with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up on his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough,
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustled the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass o'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in Paradise!
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, dreary nights of her vigil follow;
No bird, no moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow.
Alas! alas! the secret is safe with the woodland grass.
March, 1862.

[From the Fredericksburg News.]

LINES

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA., BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONQUERED BANNER.

The following lines, by Father Abram Ryan, author of the "Conquered Banner," will thrill the heart and nerve the efforts and open the purse of all who honor the memory of the brave and are not dead to every impulse of patriotism. They contain an exquisite argument and appeal in behalf of the holy cause to which our ladies have consecrated their energies. Let our dead "together sleep":

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,
And died for me and you.

Wherever the brave have died
They should not rest apart;
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather them each and all
From the private to the chief;
Came they from cabin or lordly hall,
Over their dust let the fresh tears fall
Of a nation's holy grief.

No matter whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay—
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country were the same—
They died—and wore the gray.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone—
Gather the Southern slain.

And the dead shall meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
For the men who Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled.
Should now together sleep.

LITTLE GIFFIN.

BY DR. FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

"A ballad of such unique and really transcendent merit, that in our judgment it ought to rank with the rarest gems of modern martial poetry."

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Specter such as we seldom see—
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary War, with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't! nay more! in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the "men."
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

"Johnston's penned at the front, they say!"
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffin! he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I a king
Of the princely knights of the Golden ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffin of Tennessee.

THE NINTH OF APRIL, 1865.

[From the London Spectator.]

It is a nation's death-cry! Yes, the agony is past;
The stoutest race that ever fought to-day hath fought its last.
Aye, start and shudder. Well thou may'st; well veil thy weeping eyes.
England, may God forgive thy past; man cannot but despise.

Yes, shudder at that cry that speaks the South's supreme despair.
Thou could'st save and saved'st not, thou could'st and did'st not dare.
Thou that had'st might to aid the right, and heart to brook the wrong,
Weak words of comfort for the weak, strong hands to help the strong.

That land, the garden of thy wealth, one haggard waste appears,
The ashes of her sunny homes are slaked with patient tears—
Tears for the slain who died in vain for freedom on the field;
Tears, tears of bitter anguish still for those that lived to yield.

The cannon of his country pealed brave Stuart's funeral knell;
Her soldiers' cheers rang in his ears as Stonewall Jackson fell.
Onward o'er gallant Ashby's grave swept War's triumphant tide,
And Southern hopes were living yet when Polk and Morgan died.

But he the leader, on whose word these captains loved to wait,
The noblest, bravest, best of all, hath found a harder fate;
Unscathed by shot and steel, he passed through many a desperate field.
Oh, God! that he hath lived so long, and only lived to yield!

Along the war-worn wasted ranks that loved him to the last,
With saddened face and weary pace the vanquished chieftain passed.
Their own hard lot the men forgot; they felt what *his* must be;
What thoughts in that dark hour must wring the heart of General Lee.

The manly cheek with tears was wet, the stately head was bowed,
As breaking from their shattered ranks around his steed they crowd.
I did my best for you, 'twas all these quivering lips could say.
Ah, happy those whom death had spared the anguish of that day.

Weep on, Virginia! Weep the lives given to thy cause in vain;
The sons who live to wear once more the Union's galling chain;
The homes whose light is quenched for aye; the graves without a stone;
The folded flag, the broken sword, the hope forever flown.

Yet raise thy head, fair land! thy dead died bravely for the right;
The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright.
No blot on thy record found; no treason soils thy fame;
Weep, then, thy death. With covered head we mourn our England's shame!

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND ACCOMPANYING DOCUMENTS.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States:

It is again our fortune to meet for devising measures necessary to the public welfare whilst our country is involved in a desolating war. The sufferings endured by some portions of the people excite the deep solicitude of the Government, and the sympathy thus evoked has been heightened by the patriotic

devotion with which these sufferings have been borne. The gallantry and good conduct of our troops, always claiming the gratitude of the country, have been further illustrated on hard-fought fields, marked by exhibitions of individual prowess which can find but few parallels in ancient or modern history. Our army has not faltered in any of the various trials to which it has been subjected, and the great body of the people have continued to manifest a zeal and unanimity which not only cheer the battle-stained soldier, but gives assurance to the friends of constitutional liberty of our final triumph in the pending struggle against despotic usurpation.

The vast army which threatened the capital of the Confederacy has been defeated and driven from the lines of investment, and the enemy, repeatedly foiled in his efforts for its capture, is now seeking to raise new armies on a scale such as modern history does not record to effect that subjugation of the South so often proclaimed as on the eve of accomplishment.

The perfidy which disregarded rights secured by compact, the madness which trampled on obligations made sacred by every consideration of honor, have been intensified by the malignity engendered by defeat. These passions have changed the character of the hostilities waged by our enemies, who are becoming daily less regardful of the usages of civilized war and the dictates of humanity. Rapine and wanton destruction of private property, war upon non-combatants, murder of captives, bloody threats to avenge the death of an invading soldiery by the slaughter of unarmed citizens, orders of banishment against peaceful farmers engaged in the cultivation of the soil, are some of the means used by our ruthless invaders to enforce the submission of a free people to foreign sway. Confiscation bills of a character so atrocious as to ensure, if executed, the utter ruin of the entire population of these States are passed by their Congress and approved by their Executive. The moneyed obligations of the Confederate Government are forged by citizens of the United States and publicly advertised for sale in their cities with a notoriety that sufficiently attests the knowl-

edge of their Government, and its complicity in the crime is further evinced by the fact that the soldiers of the invading armies are found supplied with large quantities of these forged notes as a means of despoiling the country people, by fraud, out of such portions of their property as armed violence may fail to reach. Two at least of the generals of the United States are engaged, unchecked by their Government, in exciting servile insurrection, and in arming and training slaves for warfare against their masters, citizens of the Confederacy. Another has been found of instincts so brutal as to invite the violence of his soldiery against the women of a captured city. Yet the rebuke of civilized man has failed to evoke from the authorities of the United States one mark of disapprobation of his acts, nor is there any reason to suppose that the conduct of Benjamin F. Butler has failed to secure from his Government the sanction and applause with which it is known to have been greeted by public meetings and portions of the press of the United States. To inquiries made of the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States whether the atrocious conduct of some of their military commanders met the sanction of that Government, answer has been evaded on the pretext that the inquiry was insulting, and no method remains for the repression of these enormities but such retributive justice as it may be found possible to execute. Retaliation in kind for many of them is impracticable, for I have had occasion to remark in a former message that under no excess of provocation could our noble-hearted defenders be driven to wreak vengeance on unarmed men, on women, or on children. But stern and exemplary punishment can and must be meted out to the murderers and felons who, disgracing the profession of arms, seek to make of public war the occasion for the commission of the most monstrous crimes. Deeply as we may regret the character of the contest into which we are about to be forced, we must accept it as an alternative which recent manifestations give us little reason to hope can be avoided. The exasperation of failure has aroused the worst passions of our

enemies: a large portion of their people, even of the clergymen, now engage in urging an excited populace to the extreme of ferocity, and nothing remains but to vindicate our rights and maintain our existence by employing against our foes every energy and every resource at our disposal.

I append for your information a copy of the papers exhibiting the action of the Government up to the present time for the repression of the outrages committed on our people. Other measures now in progress will be submitted hereafter.

In inviting your attention to the legislation which the necessities of our condition require, those connected with the prosecution of the war command almost undivided attention. The acts passed at your last session intended to secure the public defence by general enrollment, and to render uniform the rules governing troops in the service, have led to some unexpected criticism that is much to be regretted. The efficacy of the law has thus been somewhat impaired, though it is not believed that in any of the States the popular mind has withheld its sanction from either the necessity or propriety of your legislation. It is only by harmonious as well as zealous action that a government as new as ours, ushered into existence on the very eve of a great war, and unprovided with the material necessary for conducting hostilities on so vast a scale, can fulfill its duties. Upon you who are fully informed of the acts and purposes of the Government, and thoroughly imbued with the feelings and sentiments of the people, must reliance be placed to secure this great object. You can best devise the means for establishing that entire co-operation of the State and Confederate governments which is essential to the well-being of both at all times, but which is now indispensable to their very existence. And if any legislation shall seem to you appropriate for adjusting differences of opinion, it will be my pleasure as well as duty to co-operate in any measure that may be devised for reconciling a just care for the public defence with a proper deference for the most scrupulous susceptibilities of the State authorities.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury will exhibit in detail the operations of that department. It will be seen with satisfaction that the credit of the Government securities remains unimpaired, and that this credit is fully justified by the comparatively small amount of accumulated debt, notwithstanding the magnitude of our military operations. The legislation of the last session provided for the purchase of supplies with the bonds of the Government, but the preference of the people for treasury notes has been so marked that legislation is recommended to authorize an increase in the issue of treasury notes, which the public service seems to require. No grave inconvenience need be apprehended from this increased issue, as the provision of law by which these notes are convertible into eight per cent. bonds, forms an efficient and permanent safeguard against any serious depreciation of the currency. Your attention is also invited to the means proposed by the Secretary for facilitating the preparation of these notes, and for guarding them against forgery. It is due to our people to state that no manufacture of counterfeit notes exists within our limits, and that they are all imported from the Northern States.

The report of the Secretary of War, which is submitted, contains numerous suggestions for the legislation deemed desirable in order to add to the efficiency of the service. I invite your favorable consideration especially to those recommendations which are intended to secure the proper execution of the conscript law, and the consolidation of companies, battalions and regiments, when so reduced in strength as to impair that uniformity of organization which is necessary in the army, while an undue burthen is imposed on the Treasury. The necessity for some legislation for controlling military transportation on the railroads, and improving their present defective condition, forces itself upon the attention of the Government, and I trust that you will be able to devise satisfactory measures for attaining this purpose. The legislation on the subject of general officers involves the service in some difficulties which are pointed out by the Secretary, and for which the remedy suggested by him seems appropriate.

In connection with this subject, I am of opinion that prudence dictates some provision for the increase of the army, in the event of emergencies not now anticipated. The very large increase of forces recently called into the field by the President of the United States may render it necessary hereafter to extend the provisions of the conscript law so as to embrace persons between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five years. The vigor and efficiency of our present forces, their condition, and the skill and ability which distinguish their leaders, inspire the belief that no further enrollment will be necessary, but a wise foresight requires that if a necessity should be suddenly developed during the recess of Congress, requiring increased forces for our defence, means should exist for calling such forces into the field without awaiting the re-assembling of the legislative department of the Government.

In the election and appointment of officers for the provisional army, it was to be anticipated that mistakes would be made and incompetent officers of all grades introduced into the service. In the absence of experience, and with no reliable guide for selection, executive appointments as well as elections have been sometimes unfortunate. The good of the service, the interests of our country, require that some means be devised for withdrawing the commission of officers who are incompetent for the duties required by the position, and I trust that you will find means for relieving the army of such officers by some mode more prompt and less wounding to their sensibility than judgment of a court-martial.

Within a recent period we have effected the object so long desired of an arrangement for the exchange of prisoners, which is now being executed by delivery at the points agreed upon, and which will, it is hoped, speedily restore our brave and unfortunate countrymen to their places in the ranks of the army, from which by the fortune of war they have for a time been separated. The details of this arrangement will be communicated to you in a special report when further progress has been made in their execution.

Of other particulars concerning the operations of the War Department, you will be informed by the Secretary in his report and the accompanying documents.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy embraces a statement of the operations and present condition of this branch of the public service, both afloat and ashore; the construction and equipment of armed vessels at home and abroad; the manufacture of ordnance and ordnance stores; the establishment of workshops and the development of our resources of coal and of iron. Some legislation seems essential for securing crews for vessels. The difficulties now experienced on this point are fully stated in the Secretary's report, and I invite your attention to providing a remedy.

The report of the Postmaster-General discloses the embarrassments which resulted in the postal service from the occupation by the enemy of the Mississippi river and portions of the territory of the different States. The measures taken by the department for relieving these embarrassments as far as practicable are detailed in the report. It is a subject of congratulation that during the ten months which ended on the 31st March last, the expenses of the department were largely decreased, whilst its revenue was augmented, as compared with a corresponding period ending on the 30th June, 1860, when the postal service for these States was conducted under the authority delegated to the United States. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to determine whether the measures heretofore devised by Congress will accomplish the end of bringing the expenditures of the department within the limit of its own revenues by the 1st of March next, as required by the Constitution.

I am happy to inform you that, in spite both of blandishments and threats used in profusion by the agents of the Government of the United States, the Indian nations within the Confederacy have remained firm in their loyalty and steadfast in the observance of their treaty engagements with this Government. Nor has their fidelity been shaken by the fact that, owing to the vacancies in some of the offices of agents and su-

perintendents, delay has occurred in the payments of the annuities and allowances to which they are entitled. I would advise some provision authorizing payments to be made by other officers in the absence of those specially charged by law with this duty.

We have never-ceasing cause to be grateful for the favor with which God has protected our infant Confederacy. And it becomes us reverently to return our thanks and humbly to ask of his bounteousness that wisdom which is needful for the performance of the high trusts with which we are charged.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Richmond, August 15, 1862.

[Copy.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE C. S.,

NEAR RICHMOND, VA., *August 2, 1862.*

To the General Commanding U. S. Army, Washington:

General,—In obedience to the order of his Excellency, the President of the Confederate States, I have the honor to make to you the following communication:

On the 22d of July last a cartel for a general exchange of prisoners of war was signed by Major-General John A. Dix, on behalf of the United States, and by Major-General D. H. Hill, on the part of this Government. By the terms of that cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners of war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged.

Scarcely had the cartel been signed when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice changing the character of the war from such as becomes civilized nations into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder.

A general order, issued by the Secretary of War of the United States in the city of Washington, on the very day that the cartel was signed in Virginia, directs the military commander of the United States to take the property of our people for the convenience and use of the army, without compensation.

A general order, issued by Major-General Pope on the 23d

of July last, the day after the date of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful citizens as spies, if found quietly tilling their farms in his rear, *even outside of his lines.*

And one of his brigadier-generals (Steinwehr) has seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages, to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons, whom he designated as "bushwhackers."

Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war, in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex to be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies, by steady progress, towards a practice which we abhor and which we are vainly struggling to avoid.

Under these circumstances this Government has issued the accompanying General Order, which I am directed by the President to transmit to you, recognizing Major-General Pope and his commissioned officers to be in the position which they have chosen for themselves—that of robbers and murderers, and not that of public enemies, entitled, if captured, to be treated as prisoners of war.

The President also instructs me to inform you that we renounce our right of retaliation on the innocent, and will continue to treat the private enlisted soldiers of General Pope's army as prisoners of war; but if, after notice to your Government that we confine repressive measures to the punishment of commissioned officers who are willing participants in these crimes—the savage practices threatened in the orders alluded to—be persisted in, we shall reluctantly be forced to the last resort of accepting the war on the terms chosen by our enemies, until the voice of an outraged humanity shall compel a respect for the recognized usages of war. While the President considers that the facts referred to would justify a refusal on our part to execute the cartel by which we have agreed to liberate an excess of prisoners of war in our hands, a sacred regard for

plighted faith, which shrinks from the semblance of breaking a promise, precludes a resort to such an extremity. Nor is it his desire to extend to any other forces of the United States the punishment merited by General Pope and such commissioned officers as choose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, *August 1, 1862.*

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 54.

I. The following orders are published for the information and observance of all concerned:

II. Whereas, by a general order dated the 22d of July, 1862, issued by the Secretary of War of the United States, under the order of the President of the United States, the military commanders of that Government within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas are directed to seize and use any property, real or personal, belonging to the inhabitants of this Confederacy which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, and no provision is made for any compensation to the owners of private property thus seized and appropriated by the military commanders of the enemy;

III. And whereas, by General Order No. 11, issued on the 23d July, 1862, by Major-General Pope, commanding the forces of the enemy in Northern Virginia, it is ordered that all "commanders of army corps, divisions, brigades, and detached commands will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach, in rear of their respective commands. Such as are willing to take the oath of

allegiance to the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted South, beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that if found again anywhere within our lines, or at any point in rear, they will be considered spies, and subject to the extreme rigor of military law. If any person having taken the oath of allegiance, as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use";

IV. And whereas, by an order issued on the 13th July, 1862, by Brigadier-General A. Steinwehr, Major William Steadman, a cavalry officer of his brigade, has been ordered to arrest five of the most prominent citizens of Page county, Va., to be held as hostages and to suffer death in the event of any of the soldiers of said Steinwehr being shot by "bushwhackers," by which term are meant the citizens of this Confederacy who have taken up arms to defend their homes and families;

V. And whereas it results from the above order that some of the military authorities of the United States, not content with the unjust and aggressive warfare hitherto waged with savage cruelty against an unoffending people, and exasperated by the failure of their effort to subjugate them, have now determined to violate all the rules and usages of war, and to convert the hostilities hitherto waged against armed forces into a campaign of robbery and murder against unarmed citizens and peaceful tillers of the soil;

VI. And whereas this Government, bound by the highest obligations of duty to its citizens, is thus driven to the necessity of adopting such just measures of retribution and retaliation as shall seem adequate to repress and punish these barbarities; and whereas the orders above recited have only been published and made known to this Government since the signature of a cartel for exchange of prisoners of war, which cartel, in so far as it provides for an exchange of prisoners hereafter captured, would never have been signed or agreed to by

this Government if the intention to change the war into a systhem of indiscriminate murder and robbery had been made known to it; and whereas a just regard to humanity forbids that the repression of crime which this Government is thus compelled to enforce should be unnecessarily extended to retaliation on the enlisted men in the army of the United States, who may be the unwilling instruments of the savage cruelty of their commanders, so long as there is hope that the excesses of the enemy may be checked or prevented by retribution on the commisioned officers who have the power to avoid guilty action, by refusing service under a government which seeks their aid in the perpetration of such infamous barbarities.

VII. Therefore, it is ordered that Major-General Pope, Brigadier-General Steinwehr, and all commissioned officers serving under their respective commands, be and they are hereby expressly and specially declared to be not entitled to be considered as soldiers, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the cartel for the parole of future prisoners of war. Ordered further, that in the event of the capture of Major-General Pope, or Brigadier-General Steinwehr, or of any commissioned officer serving under them, the captive so taken shall be held in close confinement so long as the orders aforesaid shall continue in force and unrepealed by the competent military authorities of the United States; and that in the event of the murder of any unarmed citizen or inhabitant of this Confederacy by virtue or under pretext of any of the orders hereinbefore recited, whether with or without trial, whether under pretence of such citizen being a spy or hostage, or any other pretence, it shall be the duty of the commanding-general of the forces of this Confederacy to cause immediately to be hung, out of the commissioned officers, prisoners as aforesaid, a number equal to the number of our own citizens thus murdered by the enemy.

By order S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, *June 29, 1862.*

General R. E. LEE,
Commanding Department of Northern Virginia:

General,—When you send a flag of truce again there are two matters which I wish to bring to the notice of the general in command of the United States forces, for the consideration of his Government.

We have seen in the Northern papers that Mr. William B. Mumford, of New Orleans, and Colonel Owens, of the Missouri State Guard, have been executed by the United States authorities, Mr. Mumford for having pulled down the United States flag in New Orleans, and Colonel Owens upon a charge of bridge burning in Missouri. The former was hung; the latter was shot.

We are informed that Mr. Mumford pulled the flag down when the enemy were not yet in possession of the city, but had merely anchored their vessels before it, and had made a demand for a surrender, which had not been complied with.

A party landed, hoisted the flag, and retired. The city was not in their possession, nor subject to their jurisdiction. Under such circumstances the execution of Mr. Mumford was the murder of one of our citizens. I enclose the account of his execution from the New Orleans *Delta.*

We are informed that Colonel Owens was shot without trial. Such is the account given in the Missouri papers, as you will perceive from the enclosed slip, containing an extract from the Hannibal *Herald.* He was a duly commissioned officer of the Second division of the Missouri State Guard.

We have executed private individuals for burning bridges, and persons in military service for coming disguised within our lines to destroy railroads, but we have given them fair trials.

If Colonel Owens entered the enemy's lines in disguise and burned bridges we could not consistently deny their right to try and punish him, but an execution without trial is not just-

ifiable under any circumstances, and if he acted in obedience to orders and without entering the lines of the enemy in disguise, his execution is a palpable murder, committed by a United States officer.

Supposing Mr. Mumford, a citizen of the Confederate States, to have been executed for an insult to the United States flag, hoisted in a city not in their possession, and Colonel Owens to have been executed without trial, we deem it our duty to call on the authorities of the United States for a statement of the facts, inasmuch as we do not intend to permit outrages of that character to be perpetrated without retaliation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEORGE W. RANDOLPH,
Secretary of War.

[Copy.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE C. S.,
NEAR RICHMOND, VA., *August 2, 1862.*

To the General Commanding U. S. Army, Washington:

General,—On the 29th of June last, I was instructed by the Secretary of War to inquire of Major-General McClellan as to the truth of alleged murders committed on our citizens by officers of the U. S. army. The cases of Wm. B. Mumford, reported to have been murdered at New Orleans by order of Major-General B. F. Butler, and Colonel John Owens, reported to have been murdered in Missouri, by order of Major-General Pope, were those referred to. I had the honor to be informed by Major-General McClellan that he had referred these inquiries to his Government for a reply. No answer has as yet been received.

The President of the Confederate States has since been credibly informed that numerous other officers of the army of the U. S. within the Confederacy have been guilty of felonies and capital offences which are punishable by all laws human and divine. I am directed by him to bring to your notice a

few of those best authenticated. Newspapers received from the United States announce as a fact, that Major-General Hunter has armed slaves for the murder of their masters, and has thus done all in his power to inaugurate a servile war, which is worse than that of the savage, inasmuch as it superadds other horrors to the indiscriminate slaughter of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

Brigadier-General Phelps is reported to have initiated at New Orleans the example set by Major-General Hunter on the coast of South Carolina.

Brigadier-General G. N. Fitch is stated in the same journals to have murdered in cold blood two peaceful citizens, because one of his men while invading our country was killed by some unknown person defending his home.

I am instructed by the President of the Confederate States to repeat the inquiry relative to the cases of Mumford and Owens, and to ask whether the statements in relation to the action of Generals Hunter, Phelps, and Fitch are admitted to be true; and whether the conduct of these generals is sanctioned by their Government.

I am further directed by His Excellency the President to give notice that in the event of not receiving a reply to these inquiries within fifteen days from the delivery of this letter, that it will be assumed that the alleged facts are true, and are sanctioned by the Government of the United States.

In such event, on that Government will rest the responsibility of the retribution or retaliatory measures which shall be adopted to put an end to the merciless atrocities which now characterize the war waged against the Confederate States.

I am, most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

[Copy.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *August 7, 1862.*

General R. E. LEE, *Commanding, &c.,*

General,—Your letter of July 6th was received at the Adjutant-General's office on the 14th, but supposing from its endorsement that it required no further reply, it was filed without being shown to the President or Secretary of War. I learned to-day for the first time that such letter had been received, and hasten to reply.

No authentic information has been received in relation to the execution of either John Owens or —— Mumford, but measures will be immediately taken to ascertain the facts of these alleged executions, of which you will be duly informed.

I need hardly assure you, General, that so far as the United States authorities are concerned, this contest will be carried on in strict accordance with the laws and usages of modern warfare, and that all excesses will be duly punished.

In regard to the burning of bridges, &c., within our lines by persons in disguise as peaceful citizens, I refer you to my letter of January 22d last to General Price. I think you will find the views there expressed as not materially differing from those stated in your letter.

In regard to retaliation by taking the lives of innocent persons, I know of no modern authority which justifies it, except in the extreme case of a war with an uncivilized foe which has himself established first such a barbarous rule. The United States will never countenance such a proceeding, unless forced to do so by the barbarous conduct of an enemy who first applies such a rule to our own citizens.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief United States Army.

[Copy.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *August 9, 1862.*

General R. E. LEE, *Commanding, &c.:*

General,—Your two communications of the 2d instant, with enclosures, are received. As these papers are couched in language exceedingly insulting to the Government of the United States, I must respectfully decline to receive them. They are herewith returned.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief United States Army.

ON EVACUATION DAY.

AN OLD COPY OF THE RICHMOND WHIG WHICH TELLS THE STORY—THE PAPER WAS PUBLISHED BY CONSENT OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR, AND VIVIDLY DESCRIBES THE RUINS IN THE CITY.

[The Richmond Times, January 15, 1893.]

Mr. T. R. A. Burke, of Simons' Blank Book Company, has a most interesting relic of the late war in the shape of an old copy of the Richmond *Whig*, which was printed in this city on April 4, 1865, the day after the evacuation.

Mr. Burke informed me that he thought it was the only original copy of the paper in the city, and perhaps the only one in existence. Several copies have been made from it by collectors of souvenirs, and Mr. Burke has received a number of liberal offers for it. He values it very highly, however, and keeps it carefully wrapped up and stored away in a vault; but he very kindly allowed me to examine it, cautioning me, however, to "handle with care."

The paper is a diminutive two-page, four-column sheet, time-worn, colored with the dust of age, and as generally dis-

figured as the battle-scarred Confederate veterans who furnish the principal subject-matter for its contents.

At the time of its publication William Ira Smith was the proprietor. In the editorial column (for there is but one) is a pathetic appeal to its readers to make due allowances for the various imperfections until the turbulent situation has sufficiently subsided to permit operations on a more satisfactory basis. "The publication of the *Whig* is resumed this afternoon with the consent of the military authorities," reads an editorial in this connection. "The editor, and all who heretofore controlled its columns, have taken their departure. The proprietor and one attache of the editorial corps remain."

Whether it was the proprietor or the attache that wrote this forlorn announcement is not known, but the situation assumes a rather striking phase when, after stating that in a conference with General Shepley, the Military Governor, an arrangement was effected by which the paper would make a new start, he says: "The *Whig* will therefore be issued hereafter as a Union paper."

Another paragraph which aroused my sympathy was this: "Several days will elapse, we suppose, before business is actively resumed. Still there are stocks of goods in the city, and others will be introduced by loyal persons who may be authorized to carry on trade in Richmond."

The city was draped in darkness at the time. The gas supply was cut off, and the eastern part of the city in particular was a charred chaos of ruin. "By reason of the turning off of the gas," says the writer, "the proprietors could only publish an afternoon edition of the paper."

The following amusing letter from ex-Secretary of War Seddon explains itself:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, *October 19, 1863.*

ALEX. MOSELEY, *Esq.:*

Dear Sir,—How do you stand the quiet of the country? I

hope it palls in these stirring times. We miss your trenchant pen, and would rather have you sowing tares for the enemy than wheat for ourselves. Are you too great a foe to impressments to allow yourself to be pressed again into harness? I wish you would at least lend me a hand to drag us out of the dis-financial slough in which we are floundering worse and worse each day.

Very truly yours, JAS. A. SEDDON.

This letter was captured from the Confederates during General Sheridan's well-known expedition through the Valley of Virginia.

In the local columns of the paper an account of the evacuation proper is published. "The evacuation of Richmond," it reads, "commenced in earnest Sunday night, closed at daylight Monday morning with a terrific conflagration, which was kindled by the Confederate authorities, wantonly and recklessly applying the torch to Shockoe warehouse and other buildings, in which was stored a large quantity of tobacco." * * * "We can form no estimate of the number of houses destroyed, but, public and private, they will certainly number six or eight hundred."

In enumerating some of the most prominent buildings destroyed, the writer mentions the Bank of Richmond, Traders' Bank, Bank of the Commonwealth, Farmers' Bank, the American Hotel, the Columbian Hotel, the *Dispatch* office and job rooms, Belvin's block, the *Examiner* office, engine and machinery rooms, the Confederate Post-office Department building, the State court-house, Mechanics' Institute, the Confederate arsenal and laboratory, and numerous others in that vicinity.

Then follows a description of the general appearance of the streets after the fire: "At sunrise Monday morning," continues the scribe, "Richmond presented a spectacle that we hope never to witness again. The streets were crowded with furniture and every description of wares, dashed down to be trampled in the mud, or burned up where it lay. Next to the

river the destruction of property has been fearfully complete. For the distance of half a mile, embracing upwards of twenty blocks, the scene presents one waste of smoking ruins, blackened walls, and broken chimneys."

The destruction of life on the outskirts of the city was, indeed, pitiable. When the powder magazine in the suburbs was blown up early on Monday morning, the shock was fearful, jarring every house in the city, extinguishing the gas, and shattering a great quantity of glass in dwelling-houses. Some thirty or forty people living in the vicinity of the magazine were killed or wounded."

In speaking of the damage, the writer says: "Of course we cannot be expected at this time to enter into an estimate of the losses, but they are immense, and will amount to hundreds of millions of dollars."

The City Council ordered all the liquor in the city to be destroyed. In speaking of this, the reporter says: "The gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the fumes filled and impregnated the air. Some straggling Confederate soldiers managed to get hold of a quantity of liquor. From that moment law and order ceased to exist; chaos came, and a Pandemonium reigned."

The account of the blowing up of the Confederate ironclads in the river is followed by a brief description of the burning of Mayo's and the Danville railroad bridges.

The paper contains, in addition, interesting clippings from Northern journals, commenting on the situation in the South; also valuable letters from the War Department, and other reading matter, which would prove highly entertaining to the old ex-Confederate soldier, as well as to the student of the history of the Civil War. I doubt if Mr. Burke would allow his treasure to leave his hands, however.

MEDALS FOR CONFEDERATES.

RICHMOND.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you be kind enough to inform me whether or not the Confederate Congress at any time voted to supply the survivors of the Stonewall brigade with badges? and oblige,

ONE OF THEM.

The Confederate Congress by an act approved October 13, 1862, resolved that the President be empowered to bestow medals with proper devices *upon such officers and non-commissioned officers of the Confederate army* as distinguished themselves for courage and good conduct on the field of battle. This was not confined to the Stonewall brigade, but to the entire army. By General Order No. 131 from the Adjutant and Inspector-General's office it was announced that there were difficulties in procuring the medals, and that in lieu of medals or badges such officers and non-commissioned officers and soldiers should be placed upon rolls of honor. This order was carried into effect, and many of them appear in the published volumes of the war records now being published by the United States Government.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "DIXIE."

RICHMOND, VA., *January 30, 1893.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

You express a desire to know the name of the author of "Dixie." Perhaps I may help to reveal it.

About three or four years ago the late Charles L. Siegel related to me the following incidents which led to the composition of the "Dixie" melody: He was, he stated, just previous to the war, a member of Dan Bryant's minstrel troupe, then performing in New York city. At that time the popular musical feature of minstrelsy was known as a "walk-around."

Bryant, desiring to add something new to a well-worn repertory, requested one of his company (gifted with the talent of composing) to produce a new "walk-around." When the work was completed Mr. Siegel, at the composer's request, accompanied him to a musical headquarters and heard the first rendering of the famous melody from the manuscript score. After some slight modifications the air was introduced by the troupe, and gained great popularity. Some time after Bryant made a Southern tour with his company, and was in New Orleans at the breaking out of the war. It was there that the music of Dixie was received as an inspiration, and subsequently adopted as the national air of the Confederacy. Mr. Siegel told me the name of the composer, but I cannot now recall it. A few months after the recital of the story I happened upon a contribution of Brander Matthews in the *Century Magazine*, I think, entitled "War Songs of the South," which confirmed Mr. Siegel's narrative, and, if I mistake not, Mr. Matthews gave the name of the composer of "Dixie." I sent the magazine to Mr. Siegel, and remember well with what enthusiasm that true music-lover referred to the interesting stories connected with the war songs which Mr. Matthews had revived.

DAVID J. BURR.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME LINE.

STAUNTON, VA., *January 30, 1893.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In your editorial columns of Sunday, 29th ultimo, you say you want to find out the author of our Southern war song, "Dixie's Land."

"Dixie" was composed in 1859 by Dan D. Emmet, as a "walk-around" for Bryant's Minstrels, then performing at Mechanics' Hall, in New York.

Mr. Emmet had travelled with circuses, and had heard the performers refer to the States south of Mason and Dixon's line as "Dixie's Land," wishing themselves there as soon as

tent-life with the circus in the Northern States became too cold to be comfortable. It was on this expression of Northern circus performers, "I wish I was in Dixie," that Emmet constructed his song.

In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in John Brougham's burlesque of Pocahontas. Afterwards a New Orleans publisher had the air harmonized and arranged, and it was issued with words embodying the strong Southern feeling of that city.

Brander Matthews, the essayist and *litterateur*, is my authority for the above story of "Dixie." (See his article on "Songs of the War" in August (1887) *Century Magazine*, page 623.)

Yours truly,

ROGER B. ATKINSON.

THE TWO DIXIES.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The author of the song "Dixie" was Daniel Emmet. His last appearance in Richmond was at the Richmond Theatre with Mike Leavitt's minstrels.

The other song, "Going Back to Dixie," was written by Foster, and was made famous by a Richmond man—Harry Shields—professionally known as Harry Woodson.

Yours respectfully,

CONWAY MYERS.

THE REBEL YELL.

Many people think of the three measured huzzas given now and then as "the rebel yell." It is shocking to an old Confederate to consider such deception. The venerable widow of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, in attending a Confederate reunion at Memphis a couple of years ago, modestly expressed her wish to hear "the rebel yell." Something of an old-time cheer came from the throats of men who gladly tried to compliment the wife of the eminent naval commander. Kellar

Anderson, who was of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, and had heard the yell, wrote a reminiscence for the *Memphis Appeal.* It is this same Anderson, called Captain and again General Anderson, who honored his native Kentucky, his adopted Tennessee, and American heroism some months ago at Coal Creek, in defying the miners who had captured him and demanded ransom for his head, when it seemed to be madness to refuse their demands. One thing is sure, he had heard "the rebel yell."

"There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear the rebel yell once more."

"The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file-closer to Company I, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic trained soldier, they hold the double quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill and vale, until amid the foliage of the trees above them, the hurling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns gives notice that if retreating they have missed the way. Yet there is no command to halt. Direct, or unchanged course, this battled-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues. As they reach the open woods, in clarion tones comes the order: 'Change front, forward on 'first company,' etc. The order executed, found them formed on ground but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and a few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians were in battle array where once were they, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead, the entire length of our regiment of 700 men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirl, and hiss of the minie balls hurrying by left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter action again, and forward is the order. 'Steady, men, steady; hold your fire; not a shot without orders. It is hard to stand, but you must

not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphries' Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge.'

"It is nearing sunset, and after two days of fearful carnage—aye, one of the best contested battles of the times—the enemy has been driven pell-mell from many parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gaily in the air over heads of those who were there to defend it. The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were amid the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniform of the dead artillerymen and the gaily caparisoned bodies of the many dead horses, proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front, and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphureous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separates us from the gallant Mississippians we are there to support; they have clung to the ridge with a death-like grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and, their support being at hand, these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's corps are ordered to retire.

"Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired, the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. Oh, how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. 'Steady in the cen-

tre! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!' The centre advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now; only the enemy is in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled, and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. 'Get to the rear!' said I. Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase, and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the 'sand-digger' is there to stay. 'Forward! Forward!' rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.

"There is now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorn to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us, and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of their dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphries' Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds, 'Forward! Forward! Forward!' I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at break-neck speed, the bayonet at charge. The firing appeared to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise, that could be heard for miles on earth, and whose volumes reached the heavens; such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the seething blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

"The battle of Chickamauga is won.

"Dear Southern mother, that was the rebel yell, and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it.

"Even when engaged, that expression from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men, and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage, and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty, and hungry, with head erect to meet the plethoric ranks of the best equipped and best fed army of modern times. Alas! how many of them are decrepit from ailment and age, and although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier, and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce the rebel yell. Never again; never, never, never."

A HEROIC CHARACTER.

A remarkable man was Jefferson Davis, the illustrious leader of the late Southern Confederacy. Great in all the elements that go to form "matchless character," his name will live in history, while generations yet unborn will read with wonder and admiration of his loyalty to principle and his sublime devotion to duty.

No character in history, it seems to us, towers above the "common herd" with such commanding majesty, with such unique personality, with such sublime self-abnegation than the immortal chieftain of the Lost Cause. Great in victory, he was surpassingly great in defeat, and the annals of no age or country records the spectacle of such supreme devotion to principle as that manifested by Jefferson Davis as he sat patiently beside the Southern sea, and, without bitterness or recrimination, waited the verdict of time upon his rectitude of purpose.

He was one of those bold and towering spirits vouchsafed humanity but once in many centuries whose mission seems to have been to point the young men of the country to higher

ideas and more exalted estimates of human destiny.—*Baton Rouge Advocate.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

Jefferson Davis was the secretary of war who sent my father to the Crimea. It had been decided to send a commission of three to Europe "to study the art of war" as practiced by the Russians and their allies. Although Captain McClellan, as he was then, was only 29 years old when he was sent to Europe, he had impressed Colonel Davis so favorably while in Mexico his name was the first that the secretary suggested to the President as a member of the commission. My father had ample opportunity to form an unbiased opinion of Colonel Davis, for both before leaving for Europe and after his return he spent some time in Washington in constant communication with the secretary. His opinion of Colonel Davis was favorable as well as was Colonel Davis' opinion of him. "Colonel Davis," he said, "was a man of extraordinary ability. As an executive officer, he was remarkable. He was the best secretary of war—and I use 'best' in its widest sense—I ever had anything to do with."—*From George B. McClellan, Jr., in Blue and Gray.*

WITH THE OLD VETS OF GEORGIA.

REPRESENTATIVE STYLES, THE COLORED LAW-MAKER, GETS A CANE.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

There were scenes at the Confederate Veterans' hall last night.

The meeting of the old "vets" was for the purpose of presenting Styles, the colored legislator from Liberty county, who voted for the acceptance of the Soldiers' Home, with a handsome gold-headed cane.

They were seated around the front row near the president's chair, and President Calhoun, in a few well-turned remarks, introduced Mr. Small, who took the stand and made one of his most thrilling and eloquent speeches, presenting the cane.

SAM SMALL SPEAKS.

After entering fairly upon the purpose in view, Mr. Small said:

"This man has spoken in the Georgia house sentiments in honor and defence of the men who are as much entitled to-day to the care of Georgia as they were in the days of battle when they perilled their breast at the point of the bayonet and almost courted death in the front of battle. (Applause.) With that abiding Christian faith that should govern all honest men of state, he did his duty to his name, and to his people and his God, and I honor him for it. (Much cheering.) He used to go to school with the men for whom this Soldiers' Home was built. He toted their books on his shoulder. He knew them well and loved them, and that is why he has been prompted to take the wiser course in this matter. It was a striking picture to me to see in my mind this old slave following in the footsteps of his young master to school, and then years later to see him standing in the halls of state defending the name of the Confederacy, while others of the opposite race forgot their blessed heritage. (Great cheering.) Oh, I declare to you history doesn't show a more thrilling scene than Styles, the black slave, arguing for justice to the men who rushed upon bristling bayonets while the smell of hot blood and battle came stifling over the field. (Prolonged applause.) There will always be a special page to his name on the annals of honor."

Turning to the colored man, he closed with the following:

"You have honored yourself far more than we can honor you to-night with that vote you cast in the house. You stood there faithful to the duties old Georgia had placed on your black shoulders, and while those to whom jeers of the few are more than honor to the dead were wrangling against the acceptance of the home for the Confederate veterans, you stood firm to the simple faith of your old master. (Applause.)

"These men here to-night are not ashamed to take you by the hand and say you are an honor to your race." (Cheers.)

With appropriate remarks, he handed the glittering cane

over to the colored representative amid loud applause. The scene was one of wild enthusiasm. Men clapped their hands and shouted aloud.

THE COLORED PATRIOT'S SPEECH.

Styles, of Liberty—he is famous by that simple title—walked forward and received the handsome gift. He was deeply moved. Anybody could have seen that. He bowed his head just as one used to see the old "fo' de war" darkies bow their heads when their lords of their old South handed out the regular annual Christmas "dram." The applause was deafening.

The colored law-maker finally looked up, and somebody said they saw tears trickling down his wrinkled ebony cheek, when he began to speak as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Confederacy: I call you men of the Confederacy, and when I do it my heart thrills with a mingled feeling of ecstacy and caressing regret at the very sound of the word. (Applause.) Confederacy! Yes, that old Southern Confederacy that fought so hard for what it felt to be right. (Cheers.) What can I say, gentlemen; what is there for a poor old servant-nigger of the past to say here and now, once more in the camps of his master's comrades? (Much applause.) Little did I dream when on the floor of the Georgia House of Representatives I contended for the rights of the Confederate soldier that I would thus be served with such pleasing reward. But I have done nothing more than my duty, nothing more than my young master who was shot down to his grave in Virginia would have been glad to see me do. (Applause.) And it's the truth I'm tellin' you that when I hear the praise you give me here to-night my heart tells me to hush and see if it ain't young marster talkin' to de old nigger."

Here the applause that crowned the old colored orator's sentence shook the roof till the pictures of Lee and Jeff Davis on the wall bowed with the sway as if to nod assent, while the old Confederate war flag draped over the president's head quivered as if 'twould like to be unfurled again.

"It takes me back, it does"—and the old man's face was

full of smiles as he spoke—"to the time when I used to hitch his horse at the door and go along to school with his books. Bless my soul, how we boys did use to steal the horses from the lot at night and go all over the country, and the white folks never knowin' any de better! (Laughter.) But times got war-like by and by, and my young marsters went on off to war and I went along with 'em—couldn't help it. Oh, my Lord, I would have died for 'em any minute; and I would do it again to-night, God knows. (Applause.)

STYLES GOES TO WAR.

Yes, I was in the war. But, my white friends, you know how it is with us niggers—my people—we don't love the smell of gunpowder (laughter), and I didn't stay in de war long fo' I was out of dar, 'case I didn't make no calculation ter stay dere long—see?"

Styles only uses the negro dialect in his speeches when he turns to humorous sentiments, but it always brings the laugh, it is so natural with him.

"They made us able-bodied negroes put up breastworks for you white men to shoot from; you all know how it was. (Laughter.) But I soon learned a trick of the war; they had what was called a sick list (continued laughter), and I was one of the first to get sick right dar. 'Wall, you can cook,' dey said to me, and I went to cooking up at Andersonville. But all this time I had faith in old mistis; I was lookin' for her to send for me every day, till by and by she did send for me, but it cost her two good able-bodied slaves to git me out.

"Oh, well, say I don't love the grave where old mistis is buried? Tell me I don't love the mound of earth where her two sons—they were the same thing as brothers to me—are now sleeping? I can't talk about it, white men." (Applause.)

There was earnestness in the negro's voice that told his emotion to be of the sincerest kind. It was a pathetic scene, and as the black man closed his sentence he leaned back resignedly against the stand behind him, and threw his eyes upward, remaining so for several minutes.

From this he went on to tell what praise was due to Hon. William H. Fleming for his efforts on behalf of the veterans. He said in his humble judgment, without arrogating anything to himself, and speaking simply as a negro who loved white people would speak, the gravest sorrow of State was the Senate in killing the bill for the Soldiers' Home.

He closed with an honest-hearted expression of gratitude for the gift of his handsome cane, and said he had brought along a colored friend who would, in his name, present the association with something in return. "I would to God that I had something worthier to give," he said, "but I have nothing but this trifle besides my heart, which I sacrifice on this altar of the Confederate Veterans' Association."

HE GIVES HIS PICTURE.

William Betts was the friend who was called upon by Styles to give his present to the association, and, in a few well-turned phrases, he gave a cabinet-size photograph of the colored legislator, which, by motion, will be framed and enlarged and hung on the wall.

The cane Styles received was a fine ebony stick with massive gold head, upon which was engraved:

W. H. STYLES,
FROM
FULTON COUNTY CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION.
ATLANTA, GA., 1892.

A SPICY CORRESPONDENCE.

During the march of General Lee's army through northern Virginia to Maryland, General Jackson chanced to notice a number of stragglers from General Early's division. That night he caused the following note to be sent to his gallant subordinate:

HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING.

General,—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many of your stragglers in rear of your division to-day?

(Signed) A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. G.*

To Major-General Early.

Old Jubal at once replied:

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION.

Captain,—In answer to your note, I would state that I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson *saw* so many of my stragglers on the march to-day is that he rode in rear of my division.

Respectfully, J. A. EARLY,
Major-General.

Captain A. S. Pendleton, A. A. G.

The word "saw" was duly underscored with the General's boldest dash. Contrary to general expectation, General Jackson only smiled, and made no further inquiries about the curious investigators whom small-pox could not terrify.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

A REVIEW OF HIS CHARACTER AS A SOLDIER AND CITIZEN.

[From Chicago letter to Pine Bluff Press-Eagle, February 28, 1893.]

* * * * * * * *

And General Pierre Gustave Toussaint Beauregard has been called to heaven at the ripe age of seventy-five years. His name and fame as a soldier and citizen is a part of the history of this great country of ours. In every way he was a most able and distinguished man. Trace his career from boyhood to West Point Military Academy, from there to the bloody fields of Mexico, and from there all along the line of duty until he cast his fortunes with his beloved South during the days of the Confederacy, and not the shadow of a stain can be discovered upon his record. He was a great soldier in every

sense of the expression, and according to date of commission, was the ranking general of the Confederacy, having been appointed general during the *first* or *provisional* organization of the Confederate Government. However, when that government was permanently established the army was reorganized, and the officers took precedence according to their United States army rank, which placed General Beauregard fourth on the roster of commanders. Many well-meaning Confederates thought this was an injustice to General Beauregard, and cast the blame, if any, upon President Jefferson Davis. I had the honor of being very well acquainted with General Beauregard, and if he had any grievance in this respect he never alluded to it. He always remarked that "a good soldier always obeys orders." General Beauregard always sympathized with President Davis because of his great responsibilities as the head of a young nation engaged in a terrible war against a powerful foe, and was ever ready to accept the most trying positions for harmony's sake—even to the detriment of his own advancement. General Beauregard knew full well that President Davis' heart was wrapped up in the success of the Confederacy, and that every movement he made was in that interest. It was full evidence of his ability to discharge the trust so reposed, that when a vital duty was to be performed President Davis selected General Beauregard for the mission. The Confederacy had its official malcontents, like all other countries, and these were constantly attempting to *dictate* to President Davis. A few months ago, here in Chicago, General Beauregard was informally entertained by the ex-Confederate Association and their invited guests. Upon that occasion he looked the picture of good health, and I thought good for at least ten years more of a happy life. During the General's visit to Chicago at that time I referred to the newspaper allusions to a supposed difference of feeling between himself and President Davis during the days of the Confederacy. In reply General Beauregard said that he always considered President Davis' exalted wisdom was far in advance of his

(Beauregard's) ambition, no matter how laudable or selfish the latter might have been. He also said that impartial history would yet place Mr. Davis upon that high pinnacle of fame as a statesman and soldier where stands the grandest characters of the world's history. This sentiment was expressed in General Beauregard's unostentatious but impressive style, and did not deviate one dot from expressions he gave birth to at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, in 1867, in a conversation I had with him about President Davis, who had recently been released upon bail from military prison, and had gone to Montreal, Canada, for a rest. Taking him all in all, General Beauregard was the peer of any man as a soldier, citizen, and Christian gentleman. NAYR.

DICKISON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE FLORIDA TROOPS.

Brother Officers and Soldiers:

The time has arrived when, with sorrow, your commanding officer must bid you farewell. Many of you have for nearly three years been my pride and admiration. Your noble deeds of heroism have crowned you with glory and renown; and whatever honor I have won you have proudly shared it with me. To separate myself from such men, after the relationship which has existed between us, is a severe trial. Although many reverses have attended us during the past thirty days, I am proud to know we are not whipped—only overpowered. We stand firm, unshaken, united. Want of ammunition and provisions compelled our noble armies to succumb. Deeply do we sympathize with them. In separating from you, my brave companions, I feel as if the nearest ties of brotherhood were to be severed forever. Farewell, my brave soldiers; return to your homes, and take with you the assurance that whatever may be my destiny, I shall ever look to this command with gratitude and pride.

Farewell! affectionately farewell! J. J. DICKISON.

ELECTORAL TICKET—C. S. A.

For President:

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

For Vice-President:

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Electoral Ticket for the State at Large:

JOHN R. EDMONDS, Halifax.

ALLEN T. CAPERTON, Monroe.

For the Districts:

Dist. No. 1. Joseph Christian, Middlesex.
" " 2. Cincinnatus W. Newton, Norfolk city.
" " 3. Raleigh T. Daniel, Richmond city.
" " 4. William F. Thompson, Dinwiddie.
" " 5. Wood Bouldin, Charlotte.
" " 6. William L. Goggin, Bedford.
" " 7. Benjamin F. Randolph, Albemarle.
" " 8. James W. Walker, Madison.
" " 9. Asa Rodgers, Loudoun.
" " 10. Samuel C. Williams, Shenandoah.
" " 11. Samuel McD. Reid, Rockbridge.
" " 12. Henry A. Edmundson, Roanoke.
" " 13. James W. Sheffey, Smyth.
" " 14. Henry J. Fisher, Mason.
" " 15. Joseph Johnson, Harrison.
" " 16. E. H. Fitzhugh, Ohio.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

I send you a copy of an epitaph written on a rude piece of board which I have in my possession. Mr. Winston brought

it in from the body of a Southern soldier just killed on one of our fields:

"Here lies a spotted Rebel bold,
Whose sum of years I can't unfold.
He died a traitor on this spot,
By a noble freeman's bullet shot;
A ghastly corpse, both stiff and stark—
Buried by the Tenth New York."

A letter was found on the body of this soldier directed to J. H. Key, Wilmington, N. C.

WOULD'ST THOU HAVE ME LOVE THEE?

BY ALEX. B. MEEK, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Would'st thou have me love thee, dearest,
With a woman's proudest heart,
Which shall ever hold thee nearest,
Shrined in its inmost heart?
Listen, then, my country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Leave these groves of rose and myrtle;
Drop thy dreamy harp of love!
Like young Kornor, scorn the turtle
When the eagle screams above!

Dost thou pause? Let dastards dally,
Do thou for thy country fight!
'Neath her noble emblem rally—
"God, our country, and our right"!
Listen! now her trumpets calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Woman's heart is soft and tender,
But 'tis proud and faithful too:
Shall she be her land's defender?
Lover! soldier! up and do!

Seize thy father's ancient falchion,
Which once flashed as freedom's star:
'Til sweet peace—the bow and halcyon—
Stilled the stormy strife of war.
Listen, now thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Sweet is love in moonlight bowers!
Sweet the altar and the flame;
Sweet the spring-time with her flowers;
Sweeter far the patriot's name!

Should the God who smiles above thee
Doom thee to a soldier's grave,
Hearts will break, but fame will love thee,
Canonized among the brave!
Listen! now thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Rather would I view thee lying
On the last red field of strife,
'Mid thy country's heroes dying,
Than become a dastard's wife!

REMINISCENCIES OF WAR TIMES—A LETTER.

SIGNAL HILL, *February 27th.*

My Dear ——,—Your very kind letter received. I delayed perhaps too long replying. I have hunted up a few little things. We were so unfortunate as to have nearly all our war relics burnt up in an outhouse, so I have little left unless I took what I remember.

We were left so bare of everything at that time, our only pokers and tongs were bayonets and ramrods; old canteens came into domestic service; we made our shoes of parts of old canvas tents, and blackened them with elderberry juice (the only ink we could command was elderberry juice); we plaited our hats of straw (I have a straw-splitter now, for which I gave

$13; it did good service); the inside corn-shuck made dainty bonnets; sycamore-balls, saturated with grease, made excellent tapers, though nothing superseded the time-honored lightwood knot.

The Confederate army was camped around us for months together. We often had brilliant assemblages of officers. On one occasion, when all went merry as a marriage-bell, and uniformed officers and lovely girls wound in and out in the dance, a sudden stillness fell—few words, sudden departures. The enemy were in full force trying to effect a crossing at a strategic point. We were left at day-break in the Federal camp, a sharp engagement around us—the beginning of the seven-days' fight around Richmond.

It was a bright, warm day in May. An unusual stillness brooded over everything. A few officers came and went, looking grave and important. In a short time, from a dense body of pines near us curled the blue smoke, and volley after volley of musketry succeeded in sharp succession, the sharp, shrill scream of flying shells falling in the soft green of the growing wheat. Not long, and each opposing army emerged from ambush and stood in battle's awful array. Our own forces (mostly North Carolinians) fell back into a railroad cut. The tide of battle swept past us, but the day was lost to us. At evening they brought our dead and wounded and made a hospital of our house. Then came the amputating surgeon to finish what the bullet had failed to do. Arms and legs lay in a promiscuous heap on our back piazza.

On another occasion I saw a sudden surprise in front of our house. A regiment of soldiers, under General Rosser's command, were camped around us. It was high, blazing noon. The soldiers, suspecting nothing, were in undress, lying down under every available shadow, when a sudden volley and shout made every man spring to his feet. The enemy were all around them, and panic was amongst our men; *they were running!* but as they rose a little knoll every man turned, formed, and fired. I saw some poor fellows fall.

Affectionately, B. WINSTON.

THE BIBLE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Among the dead of one of the battle-fields before Richmond was a Confederate soldier who lay unburied several days after the conflict. Already the flesh had been eaten by the worms from his fingers, but underneath the skeleton-hand lay an open copy of the Bible, and the fingers pressed upon those precious words of the twenty-third Psalm—"*Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*"

JACKSON'S PARTING WITH HIS OLD BRIGADE.

Before leaving the army of the Potomac, Jackson took an affectionate farewell of the troops with whom he had been so long and so intimately connected. On the morning of the 4th of October, 1861, the gallant "Stonewall Brigade" was drawn up near its encampment at Centreville. All the regiments except the Fifth, which was on picket, were present. Drawn up in close columns, the officers and soldiers who had, on the immortal 21st of July, won such glory under the guidance of their gallant general, stood with sad hearts and sorrowful countenances to bid him farewell, while thousands of troops from other portions of the army stood by in respectful silence. In a short time, General Jackson, accompanied by his staff, left his quarters and rode slowly toward the brigade. He was received by them in silence. Until this moment his appearance had never failed to draw from his men the most enthusiastic cheers. But now, not a sound was heard! A deep and painful silence reigned over everything; every heart was full. And this silence was more eloquent than cheers could have been.

As they reached the centre of the line the staff halted, and the general rode forward slowly to within a few paces of his men. Then, pausing, he gazed for a moment wistfully up and down the line. Beneath the calm, quiet exterior of the hero there throbbed a warm and generous heart, and this

parting filled it with inexpressible pain. After a silence of a few moments, General Jackson turned to his men and addressed them as follows:

"*Officers and Soldiers of the First Brigade!* I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements; and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the *First Brigade* on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

Having uttered these words, Jackson paused for an instant, and his eye passed slowly along the line, as though he wished thus to bid farewell individually to every old familiar face, so often seen in the heat of battle, and so dear to him. The thoughts which crowded upon him seemed more than he could bear—he could not leave them with such formal words only—and that iron lip which had never trembled in the hour of deadliest peril, now quivered. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the great soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an emphasis which

sent a thrill through every heart, and extending his arm, added, in tones of the deepest feeling:

"In the army of the Shenandoah you were the *First Brigade!* In the army of the Potomac you were the *First Brigade!* In the second corps of the army you are the *First Brigade!* You are the *First Brigade* in the affections of your general; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the *First Brigade* in this our second war of independence. Farewell!"

For a moment there was a pause, and then there arose cheer after cheer, so wild and thrilling that the very heavens rang with them. Unable to bear calmly such affecting evidence of attachment, General Jackson hastily waved farewell to his men, and gathering his reins rode rapidly away.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MARCHES ON RECORD.

The late marches of General Stuart and of General Pleasanton, as reported from Harrisburg—(the first, ninety-six miles in twenty-four hours; and the last, seventy-eight miles in the same time)—surpass anything of military record. It is stated in General Halleck's work on military art and science, that Cæsar marched the legions from Rome to the Sierra Morena, in Spain, at the rate of twenty leagues a day. In the campaign of 1800, Macdonald, wishing to prevent the escape of an enemy, in a single day marched forty miles, crossing rivers and climbing mountains. Clansel, after the battle of Salamanca, retreated forty miles in twelve hours. In 1814, Napoleon, wishing to form a junction with other troops for the succor of Paris, marched his army the distance of seventy-five miles in thirty-six hours.

It is said that the English cavalry under Lord Lake marched seventy miles in twenty-four hours.

The Kirby Smith brigade of cavalry, during the late advance into Kentucky, marched one hundred and sixty-five miles in seventy-four hours.

As a general rule, troops marching for many days in succession will move at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles per day. In forced marches, or in pursuit of a flying enemy, they will average from twenty to twenty-five miles a day. Only for two or three days in succession, with favorable roads, thirty miles a day may be calculated on. Where marches beyond this occur, they are the result of extraordinary circumstances.

"TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH."

Richmond is begirt with an army of Confederate dead. The hallowed precincts of our cemeteries are rendered still more sacred by their graves—to be counted by tens of thousands of martyred heroes. Around us were bloody battle-fields, and here were the most crowded hospitals. The dead of both are sleeping in Hollywood and Oakwood. Not alone the fallen of Virginia are buried here.

Your loved and lost, brave and chivalrous spirits, whom we, too, learned to love, repose side by side with ours. The greater proportion of your best and bravest young men, cheered by your blessings and strengthened by your prayers, came to Virginia to battle for our common cause. Many, oh! how many of them fell on battle-fields, or died in hospitals, the victims of disease engendered by the exposures of arduous campaigns.

There is no country upon whose roll of honor shall be inscribed the names of the Confederate dead. They died for and with their cause.

Their courage and devotion obtained the plaudits of admiring nations. It is the recollection of their sufferings, their patience, and their untimely end that most tenderly endears their memory to us.

Dying, they left us the guardianship of their graves. It is a grateful service, due alike to them and to their surviving

friends. Let us keep green the turf above their heads, and build monuments to mark for generations yet to come the place of their repose.

A society has been formed in the city of Richmond entitled "The Memorial Association." The objects of this society are to collect funds to be applied in enclosing, arranging, returning, and otherwise placing in order the graves of the Confederate dead interred in the cemeteries of Richmond, so that the names of our fallen soldiers may be permanently preserved from oblivion, and their last resting-places saved from the slightest appearance of neglect or want of care.

All persons who make donations for the purpose of carrying out the objects of this society are enrolled as members of the same.

We would respectfully suggest to the ladies of the South to form auxiliary societies, co-operating with us in carrying out the objects above stated. As soon as such societies are formed, it is hoped that they will correspond with the Association.

Letters may be addressed and contributions sent to

MRS. WILLIAM H. MACFARLAND,
President.

GENERAL LEE'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

"Your correspondent has taken especial pains to obtain from his physicians (Drs. Barton and Madison) a full and accurate statement of General Lee's illness and death. The remote and real cause was the long continuance of depressing influences incident to the crushing responsibilities which were upon him during the last year of the war, the disastrous termination of the struggle for the cause he so dearly loved, and the afflictions of his native South since the surrender.

"As he saw his little army gradually melt away before the countless hosts opposed to them, and compelled to yield at last to overwhelming numbers and resources; as he witnessed

the sufferings of his 'poor boys,' as he was accustomed to call them, and thought of the condition of their families and of the South; as his mails have been every day since flooded with most piteous letters from maimed soldiers or from the widows and orphans of the noble men who followed him, he has borne a calm exterior, and struggled for the good of his State and the South with a heroism surpassing any which he ever displayed on the field of battle. But the very fibres of his great heart have been gradually wearing away, until they have at last broken, and the vital spark has fled. Both of his eminent physicians concur in the opinion that General Lee has died rather from moral than physical causes; that his physical development was well nigh perfect, and that there was no merely physical reason why he might not have lived for years to come. The immediate cause of his death was, in the opinion of his physicians, 'mental and physical fatigue, inducing venous congestion of the brain, which, however, never proceeded as far as apoplexy or paralysis, but gradually caused cerebral exhaustion and death.'"

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG.

This banner, the witness and inspiration of many victories, which was proudly borne on every field from Manassas to Appomattox, was conceived on the field of battle, lived on the field of battle, and on the last fatal field ceased to have place or meaning in the world. But the men who followed it, and the world which watched its proud advance or defiant stand, see in it still the unstained banner of a brave and generous people, whose deeds have outlived their country, and whose final defeat but added lustre to their grandest victories.

It was not the flag of the Confederacy, but simply the banner, the battle-flag, of the Confederate soldier. As such it should not share in the condemnation which our *cause* received, or suffer from its downfall. The whole world can unite in a

chorus of praise to the gallantry of the men who followed where this banner led.

It was at the battle of Manassas, about four o'clock of the afternoon of the 21st of July, 1861, when the fate of the Confederacy seemed trembling in the balance, that General Beauregard, looking across the Warrenton turnpike, which passed through the valley between the position of the Confederates and the elevations beyond occupied by the Federal line, saw a body of troops moving towards his left and the Federal right. He was greatly concerned to know, but could not decide what troops they were, whether Federal or Confederate. The similarity of uniform and of the colors carried by the opposing armies, and the clouds of dust, made it almost impossible to decide.

Shortly before this time, General Beauregard had received from the signal officer, Captain Alexander, a dispatch saying that from the signal station in the rear he had sighted the colors of this column, drooping and covered with the dust of journeyings, but could not tell whether they were the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars. He thought, however, that they were probably Patterson's troops arriving on the field and reënforcing the enemy.

General Beauregard was momentarily expecting help from the right, and the uncertainty and anxiety of this hour amounted to anguish. Still the column pressed on. Calling a staff officer, General Beauregard instructed him to go at once to General Johnston, at the Lewis House, and say that the enemy were receiving heavy reënforcements, that the troops on the plateau were very much scattered, and that he would be compelled to retire to the Lewis House, and there re-form, hoping that the troops ordered up from the right would arrive in time to enable him to establish and hold the new line.

Meanwhile, the unknown troops were pressing on. The day was sultry, and only at long intervals was there the slightest breeze. The colors of the mysterious column hung drooping

on the staff. General Beauregard tried again and again to decide what colors they carried. He used his glass repeatedly, and handing it to others begged them to look, hoping that their eyes might be keener than his.

General Beauregard was in a state of great anxiety, but finally determined to hold his ground, relying on the promised help from the right; knowing that if it arrived in time victory might be secured, but feeling also that if the mysterious column should be Federal troops the day was lost.

Suddenly a puff of wind spread the colors to the breeze. It was the Confederate flag—the Stars and Bars! It was Early with the Twenty-fourth Virginia, the Seventh Louisiana, and the Thirteenth Mississippi. The column had by this time reached the extreme right of the Federal lines. The moment the flag was recognized, Beauregard turned to his staff, right and left, saying: "See that the day is ours?" and ordered an immediate advance. In the meantime Early's brigade deployed into line and charged the enemy's right; Elzey, also, dashed upon the field, and in one hour not an enemy was to be seen south of Bull Run.

While on this field and suffering this terrible anxiety, General Beauregard determined that the Confederate soldier must have a flag so distinct from that of the enemy that no doubt should ever again endanger his cause on the field of battle.

Soon after the battle he entered into correspondence with Colonel William Porcher Miles, who had served on his staff during the day, with a view to securing his aid in the matter, and proposing a blue field, red bars crossed, and gold stars.

They discussed the matter at length. Colonel Miles thought it was contrary to the law of heraldry that the ground should be blue, the bars red, and the stars gold. He proposed that the ground should be red, the bars blue, and the stars white. General Beauregard approved the change, and discussed the matter freely with General Johnston; and the flag was submitted to the War Department, and approved.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' MOTTO FOR SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Miss Gibbs, a teacher in a Southern college, wrote to Jefferson Davis, asking him to write a sentiment which might serve as a motto for Southern women. The reply she received, says the St. Louis *Republic*, might serve for the guidance of all mankind:

"*For my Fellow-Countrywomen:* Be ye slow to anger, swift to forgive, and hold fast the charity that raises the lowly, with the self-respect that stoops not to the haughty.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

JEFFERSON DAVIS' BOND.

The condition of this recognizance is such that if the said Jefferson Davis shall, in proper person, well and truly appear at the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Virginia, to be held at Richmond, in the said district, on the fourth Monday of November next, at the opening of the court on that day, and then and there appear from day to day, and stand to abide and perform whatever shall be then and there ordered and adjudged in respect to him with said court, and not depart from the said court, in that behalf first had and obtained, then the said recognizance to become void, otherwise to remain in full force.

Taken and acknowledged this thirteenth day of May, 1867.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HORACE GREELEY, New York, &c.

HABEAS CORPUS FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The writ of *habeas corpus* sued out of the court and allowed by Judge Underwood was then read. It bore the following endorsement:

"In obedience to the exigency of the within writ, I now

here produce before the within-named Circuit Court of United States for the District of Virginia, the body of Jefferson Davis, at the time of the service of the writ held by me in imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, under the military authority of the United States, and subject and surrender the said Jefferson Davis to the custody, jurisdiction, and control of the said court, as I am directed to do by the order of the President of the United States, under date of May 8th, 1867.

"H. S. BURTON,
"*Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, United States.*"

LETTER FROM BERESFORD HOPE, OFFERING THE JACKSON STATUE TO VIRGINIA.

ARKLOW HOUSE, CONNAUGHT PLACE,
LONDON, *March 2, 1875.*

Sir,—When the news reached England of the death of General T. J. Jackson (so well known as "Stonewall Jackson"), a subscription was spontaneously organized in this country among persons who admired the character of that truly great man, to procure a statue of him which they might present to his native country, as a tribute of English sympathy and admiration.

The work was entrusted to a most distinguished artist (the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R. A.), and although its progress was delayed by the ill health of the sculptor, by his conscientious desire for the accuracy of the portrait, and latterly by his death, it has been brought to a successful conclusion, in the form of a standing statue, of heroic size, cast in bronze. It is a very noble work of art, and it is hoped and believed, a faithful likeness.

As representing the subscribers, it is now my pleasurable duty to ask you whether the State of Virginia would accept this memorial of its distinguished son and tribute of English sympathy, and would guarantee its erection in some conspicuous spot in the city of Richmond. If the answer is favor-

able, I would take the necessary steps to forward the statue to its destination. It is the privilege of members of our Royal Academy of Arts that the works of a deceased academician may be contributed to the exhibition immediately succeeding his death. It is considered due alike to the artist and the subject that the English people should have the opportunity of seeing the statue before it leaves this country forever.

The annual exhibition of the Academy closes about the beginning of August; after which date no delay need take place in forwarding the statue to Virginia.

I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE,
M. P. for University of Cambridge.

His Excellency the Governor of Virginia.

[We find the following *jeu d'esprit* in the last number of the London *Punch* that has run the blockade. That famous journal has paid Mr. Thompson, of this city, the compliment of cribbing it, without the faintest acknowledgment, from the Richmond paper in which he published it some time since. The reader may think its real merit excuses the offence.]

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE, WITH NOTES, BY A CONFEDERATE REPORTER.

All ye who with credulity the whispers hear of Fancy,
Or yet pursue with eagerness Hope's wild extravagancy,
Who dream that England soon will drop her long miscalled Neutrality,
And give us, with a hearty shake, the hand of Nationality,

Read, as we give, with little fault of statement or omission,
The *next* debate in Parliament on Southern Recognition;
They're all so much alike, indeed, that one can write it off, I see,
As truly as the *Times'* report, without the gift of prophecy.

Not yet, not yet, to interfere does England see occasion,
But treats our good commissioner with coolness and evasion;
Such coolness in the premises, that really 'tis refrigerant
To think that two long years ago she called us a belligerent.

But further Downing street is dumb, the Premier deaf to reason,
As deaf as is the *Morning Post* both in and out of season;
The workingmen of Lancashire are all reduced to beggary,
And yet they will not listen unto Roebuck or to Gregory,

"Or any other man" to-day who counsels interfering,
While all who speak on t'other side obtain a ready hearing—
As, *par example*, Mr. Bright, that pink of all propriety,
That meek and mild disciple of the blessed Peace Society.

"Why, let 'em fight," says Mr. Bright; "those Southerners, I hate 'em,
And hope the Black Republicans will soon exterminate 'em;
If Freedom can't Rebellion crush, pray tell me what's the use of her?"
And so he chuckles o'er the fray as gleefully as Lucifer.

Enough of him—an abler man demands our close attention—
The Maximus Appollo of strict *Non*-Intervention;
With pitiless severity, though decorous and calm his tone,
Thus speaks the "old man eloquent," the puissant Earl of Palmerston.

What though the land run red with blood, what though the lurid flashes
Of cannon light of dead of night, a mournful heap of ashes,
Where many an ancient mansion stood—what though the robber pillages
The sacred home, the house of God, in twice a hundred villages—

What though a fiendish, nameless wrong, that makes revenge
a duty,
Is daily done" (oh, Lord, how long!) "to tenderness and
beauty!"
And who shall tell, this deed of hell; how deadlier far a curse
it is
Than even pulling temples down and burning universities?

Let arts decay, let millions fall, for aye let Freedom perish,
With all that in the Western World men fain would love and
cherish;
Let universal Ruin there become a sad Reality;
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous neutrality."

Oh Pam! oh Pam! hast ever read what's writ in Holy Pages,
How blessed the peace-makers are, God's children of the ages?
Perhaps you think the promise sweet was nothing but a plati-
tude,
'Tis clear that *you* have no concern in that divine beatitude.

But "hear! hear! hear!" another peer, that mighty man of
muscle,
Is on his legs, what slender pegs! "ye noble Earl" of Russell;
Thus might he speak, did not of speech his shrewd reserve
the folly see,
And thus unfold the subtle plan of England's secret policy:

John Bright was right; yes, let 'em fight, these fools across
the water;
'Tis no affair at all of ours, their carnival of slaughter;
The Christian world, indeed, may say we ought not to allow
it, sirs,
But still 'tis music in our ears, this roar of Yankee howitzers.

A word or two of sympathy, that costs us not a penny,
We give the gallant Southerners, the few against the many;
We say their noble fortitude of final triumph presages,
And praise in *Blackwood's Magazine* Jeff. Davis and his mes-
sages.

Of course we claim the shining fame of glorious Stonewall Jackson,
Who typifies the English race, a sterling Anglo-Saxon;
To bravest song his deeds belong, to Clio and Melpomene,"
(And why not for a British stream demand the Chickahominy?)

But for the cause in which he fell we cannot lift a finger,
'Tis idle on the question any longer here to linger;
'Tis true the South has freely bled, her sorrows are Homeric, oh!
Her case is like to his of old who journeyed unto Jericho.

The thieves have stripped and bruised, although as yet they have not bound her;
We'd like to see her slay 'em all to right and left around her;
We shouldn't cry in Parliament if Lee should cross the Raritan,
But England never yet was known to play the Good Samaritan.

And so we pass the other side and leave them to their glory,
To give new proofs of manliness, new scenes for song and story.
These honeyed words of compliment may possibly bamboozle 'em,
But ere we intervene, you know, we'll see 'em in—Jerusalem.

Yes, let 'em fight till both are brought to hopeless desolation,
Till wolves troop round the cottage door, in one and t'other nation;
Till worn and broken down, the South shall prove no more refractory,
And rust eats up the silent looms of every Yankee factory—

Till bursts no more the cotton boll over fields of Carolina,
And fills with snowy flosses the dusky hands of Dinah;
Till war has dealt its final blow, and Mr. Seward's knavery
Has put an end in all the land to freedom and to slavery.

The grim Bastile, the rack, the wheel, without remorse or pity,
May flourish with the guillotine in every Yankee city;
No matter should old Abe revive the brazen bull of Phalaris,
'Tis no concern at all of ours" (sensation in the galleries).

So shall our "Merry England" thrive on trans-Atlantic troubles,
While India on her distant plains her crop of cotton doubles;
And so long as North or South shall show the least vitality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous neutrality.

Your speech, my lord, might well become a Saxon legislator
When the "fine old English gentlemen" lived in a state of natur',
When vikings quaffed from human skulls their fiery draughts of honey mead,
Long, long before the barons bold met tyrant John at Runny-mede.

But 'tis a speech so plain, my lord, that all may understand it,
And so we quickly turn to fight the Yankee bandit,
Convinced that we shall fairly win at last our nationality,
Without the help of Britain's arm, *in spite* of her neutrality.

WAR-TIME PRICES FOR A NEWSPAPER.

DAILY EXAMINER.

RICHMOND, *Thursday, April 14, 1864.*

The Daily Richmond Examiner is mailed at $16 for six months, $8 for three months, and $3 for one month.

The Semi-Weekly Examiner is issued every Tuesday and Friday, and sent by mail at $6 for six months.

The Weekly Examiner is issued every Friday, and mailed to subscribers at $4 for six months.

☞ The Examiner is published on the cash system, and will

not depart from it under any circumstances. Persons who desire to get the paper will please accompany their orders with the cash.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Weekly at $2 per square for every insertion.

Advertisers must pay in advance for their advertisements. Fifty words or less constitute a square.

Carriers and News Dealers will be furnished at the rate of $10 per hundred.

Persons sending subscriptions must do it at their own risk.

We will, under no circumstances, return unsolicited and rejected communications.

WHAT A DINNER COST IN 1864.

Appended to a statement showing the cost of the necessaries of life is the following, showing the prices on bill of fare at the Oriental restaurant, Richmond, January 17, 1864:

Soup, per plate	$1 50	WINES, PER BOTTLE.	
Turkey, per plate	3 50	Champagne	$50 00
Chicken, per plate	3 50	Madeira	50 00
Rockfish, per plate	5 00	Port	25 00
Roast beef, per plate	3 00	Claret	20 00
Beefsteak, per dish	3 50	Sherry	35 00
Ham and eggs	3 50	LIQUORS, PER DRINK.	
Boiled eggs	2 00	French brandy	3 00
Fried oysters	5 00	Rye whiskey	2 00
Raw oysters	3 00	Apple brandy	2 00
Cabbage	1 00	MALT LIQUORS, PER BOTTLE.	
Potatoes	1 00	Porter	12 00
Pure coffee, per cup	3 00	Ale	12 00
Pure tea, per cup	2 00	Ale, ½ bottle	6 00
Fresh milk	2 00	CIGARS.	
Bread and butter	1 50	Fine Havana	1 00

Game of all kinds in season. Terrapin served up in every style.

ICE.

This article is becoming very scarce, and as a natural consequence, has advanced to $15 per bushel. The restaurants, we are told, now charge $1.50 to $2.00 for common whiskey juleps, and $2 to $2.50 for what purports to be French brandy. A

good julep, however, can be had at the "Rebel House," under the Exchange.

Flour, per barrel, $1,000; shoes, per pair, $100; calico, per yard, $100.

"CASTI."

It is a well established fact that the institution of slavery gave cause to malice and malignant hatred between the Yankees and Southern people; the bitterness caused by the clandestine work for many years was great indeed by the Yankees against the Southerners; the links, leagues, and combinations extended from Maine to Mexico to free the negroes; the secret and mysterious movements were inexplicable; the North and the South sought by many expedients to hide the real status, but experience has taught us, no matter how subtle men and women are, murder will out. For a long time the true author of the legend which I am about to lay before you was kept secretly dark and unknown; but, by laborious research and close private inquiry, I discovered the name of the hidden and secret author, who is now numbered with the dead. On its first appearance in print, it was published in the Richmond *Enquirer*, in 1861. John M. Daniel, deceased, was then the brilliant and able editor of the paper.

Such a rush and demand for copies of the paper was never witnessed here or anywhere else, to my knowledge. Many of the distinguished men allegorically characterized thought at first that it was the highest contempt to be called beasts and fowls, and sought to destroy every number of the paper which they could possibly lay their hands on; and it is a notable fact, that for about twelve months I used every effort to procure a copy of the *Enquirer* containing the legend, but in vain—"*nara*" one could be found. I accidentally stumbled on it in a book of editorials, written and published by Mr. Daniel—John M. Daniel's brother—after his death, and this is the only copy that I know of in existence, and it is kept very private and esteemed very sacred. Most everybody thought that John

M. Daniel was the author. Many surmised that P. H. Aylett was, but it is now generally believed to have been Mr. Ed. Lorraine, now dead, who was, at the time it appeared, engineer and superintendent of the James River and Kanawha Canal Company, in Richmond, Virginia.

"GLI, ANIMALI PARLENTI," BEING THE "EXAMINER'S" TRANSLATION OF "CASTI."

[March 19, 1861.]

Once upon a time, when it was the custom of the beasts and birds of the United States of North America to elect a King to reign over them, once in every four years, it so happened that an ugly and ferocious old Orang Outang from the wilds of Illinois, who was known by the name of Old Abe, was chosen King. This election created a great disturbance and a revolution in the Southern States, for the beasts in that part of the country had imported from Africa a large number of black Monkeys, and had made slaves of them, and Old Abe had declared that this was an indignity offered to his family; that Monkey slavery was the sum of all villainies, and that he would not allow it to be perpetrated on any account, and that when he became King he intended to abolish Monkey slavery throughout all his dominions. As soon then as it became known that Old Abe was elected King, the States lying on the Gulf of Mexico, where the beasts were very independent and ferocious, declared that no Orang Outang should be King over them, and they therefore rebelled and seceded from the Union. When Old Abe heard that the Gulf States had revolted and would not acknowledge him to be their King, he flourished his great war-club over his head, and swear and swore by his whiskers that he would whip them back into the Union. He accordingly collected a great army of Blood-hounds, Jackals, Vultures, and runaway Monkeys, and placed them under command of a notorious old Turkey Cock named Fuss and Feathers, and ordered him to march down upon the Southern States and subdue them and free all of their slaves.

At this time the Boar of Rockbridge, who was supposed to be a lineal descendant of David's Sow, and was notorious for the amount of swill that he could consume, was Governor of the beasts of the Old Dominion. When he heard that Old Abe was raising an army to invade the Southern States, he issued a proclamation, calling together the most learned and wise of the beasts of the Old Dominion to sit in council, and decide upon what was best to be done under the circumstances.

The council, on the 13th of February, met in a large grove on the banks of James river (the Capitol Square).

An ancient Owl, from Loudoun county, was called on to preside over the meeting. Upon taking the stump the president addressed the meeting in a few solemn and dirge-like notes. He said that he had but little experience in legislation, but that he would try and do his best. He dwelt feelingly upon the distracted state of the country; said that he could see in the dark further than most of persons, but the gloom which now overhung the country was to him impenetrable. He hoped, however, that wise and prudent counsels would prevail, and, above all, that they would not be precipitate. He would try his best to keep order, and hoped that the spectators on the outskirts of the grove, and particularly the Turkey Buzzards, Shanghies and young Monkeys in the upper limbs of the trees and on the fences, Magpies and Chatteries, would keep silence, and not disturb the meeting by any demonstration of applause, and that the geese would not hiss. He then announced that the first business in order would be the election of officers.

A Raven was then elected secretary, and two Magpies as reporters. A Mastiff and two Bull Terriers were chosen as sergeants-at-arms and door-keepers, a couple of Hawks appointed to keep order in the upper limbs of the trees, and three pretty little Poodles were selected as runners. The stump then announced that the meeting was ready to proceed to business. A committee was then appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the council. During the

absence of the committee, all eyes being turned upon the Lion, of Princess Anne, he sprang to his feet, shook his mane, and gave a roar that made the woods resound.

He said that he was not for waiting for this old Ape to invade Virginia. He was in favor of marching at once to meet the foe in his own country; that he had crushed one infamous beast by the name of *Sam*, who had ventured to invade Virginia, and that if he could get Old Abe by the throat that he would serve him in the same way. If all would follow him, he would lead them on to victory or death. If they had elected him King, as he told them to do, all this trouble would have been avoided. For his part, he had rather be a Dog and bay the moon than live a moment under the dominion of this Illinois Ape.

An old Spaniel, from Rockbridge, then arose, and said that he hoped that the honorable beast who had just taken his seat did not mean in the latter part of his speech to cast any reflection upon him or any of his family. He thought that the distinguished beast was rather too pugnacious. He could see no necessity for resistance. For his part, he was in favor of abject submission. A little correction was a very wholesome thing. After kicks and cuffs always came favors, and he was willing to suffer the first in order that he might enjoy the last; that one master was as good as another, so that you were kept warm and well fed. He was opposed to staying out in the cold. The beasts of the South had acted like traitors and fools, and that he did not want to keep company with them. As to this Monkey question, he did not think that it ought to divide the country. He had long been of the opinion that Virginia would be better off without Monkeys than with them.

When the Spaniel took his seat it was observed that he had a collar on his neck, with the name of Orang Outang written on it. Whereupon a great hue and cry arose among the outsiders, and the Spaniel had to turn tail and run, and it was supposed that he went over to the enemy. In consequence of this disturbance of the meeting, the Owl ordered the Mastiff and the Bull Terriers and the Hawks to do their duty, and

clear the avenues and the upper limbs, which was done, and the meeting was restored to order.

The Red Fox, from Middlesex, said that old Abe might take his brush if he could. He intended to die fighting if he could, but did not like to go too far from his own hole—so that he could not follow his warlike friend from Princess Anne. He for one was sound on the goose.

And old Horse from Prince George, with shaggy mane and uncombed tail, very deaf, and sadly in want of oats, cut up some high capers, curved his neck and pawed, to show his condition. He said that they had no right to resist; that Old Abe had been elected King by a majority of all the animals in the country, and that it was their duty to submit; that he understood Illinois corn was very good. For his part he would not object to trying a bushel or so. If he could only get into the crib, he would not care much who was King.

The Dormouse, from Rockbridge, said that the shock of battle had come, and that we must stand firm, and all run together. He was in favor of Virginia pausing. Time enough to squeak when you felt the paw of the Cat on your back. When the worst came to the worst, he could run into his hole.

The Jackal, from Harrison, spoke in high terms of the Orang Outang. He said a good many of his kith and kin were in the invading army, and he was certain that they meant no harm; that whatever was done would be for the good of the Old Dominion. He was opposed to resistance, and agreed with the old Spaniel, from Rockbridge, that submission was the best policy.

The Terrapin, from Franklin, said that he was in favor of waiting for more reliable information. "Time enough to move when you feel the fire on your back," was an old family adage to which he was proud to allude, and illustrated the principle upon which he intended to act.

The Durham Bull, from Goochland, here raised a terrible dust, whisked his tail and bellowed furiously. He said that he was for going out of the Union straight. The red flag of Abolitionism had been flirted in his face, and he was ready for

fighting. Virginia was in a dilemma that, like himself, had two horns. He was for taking the Southern horn, and that at once.

The Opossum, from Fluvanna, said that he did not approve of the hot haste of his horned friend and neighbor from Goochland. He was in favor of demanding our rights in the Union if we could—out of it if we must. [Tremendous applause.] Wherever Virginia went he would go. [Tremendous applause.] He would stick to the State of "*Flu*" as long as there was a persimmon tree in it and a limb on which he could curl and swing his tail. Having thus narrated, he curled up and went to sleep.

A Jackass, from Petersburg, here interrupted the meeting with some facetious remarks, which caused considerable merriment, but little edification. He said that he would be assassinated before he would secede.

A well-fed Ox, from the fruitful pastures of Augusta, said that he saw no necessity of precipitate action. He was sure that the intentions of his Royal Highness meant peace, and not war. He had been in correspondence with those who enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Royal Ape, and was happy to have it in his power to calm the apprehensions of this assembly. He thought that the best thing for Virginia to do would be to gracefully submit to that which she could not necessarily avoid. If the issue of North and South were presented to him, he would have to give his preference to the North. He wished to go where he could get plenty of grass, and Northern hay was sweeter to his mouth than Southern fodder.

A dark, slick, fat Pony, from Richmond, supposed to be much affected with the Botts, here lifted up his voice, and neighed submission. He said one master would do as well for him as another, and what he went in for was good feeding, and he believed that he could get that from Old Abe as well as from anybody else. His position was a peculiar one. He was nearly squeezed to death by outside pressure, whilst within he was racked with the Botts. He would resist co-

ercion with all his might and main, and to every proposition for secession he would give an unqualified neigh.

The Bat, from Bedford, said that he had been flying around first on one side and then on the other, and he did not know exactly which side to favor. He was not in favor of submission, but was opposed to resistance; didn't think that there would be any war. He changed his position so often that nobody knew exactly where he was, and finally he fluttered out of sight.

The Bear, from Wetzel, said that it was his duty to inform the council that the beasts in his section of the State were not sound on the Monkey question; that there was one member on the ground who had been elected on the platform of the Orang Outang or the Orang Outang platform.

The Cat, from Wheeling, here jumped up with a tremendous squall, and said the Bear, from Wetzel, had trodden upon his tail. He would take this opportunity of putting his stamp of reprobation and denial upon some erroneous and slanderous reports that had been industriously circulated in regard to his having distributed Orang Outang pamphlets amongst the free Monkeys of Virginia. Nothing made him raise up his back and show his claws quicker than to have such aspersions cast upon his fealty to his native State. He believed that the safety, honor, and glory of the Old Dominion would be best preserved by submitting to the rule of King Abe. If Virginia would meet the Orang Outang with a becoming spirit of submission, he was certain that he would treat her with clemency. He hoped that he would be excused from making a long speech, as he was just from a bed of sickness, having had a fray with one of the whelps of the Lion, of Princess Anne, from which he had not recovered. He was opposed to fighting—he had had enough of it.

The Tiger, from Mecklenburg, here raised a terrible roar, and said that he put his paw upon such time-serving policy as had been advocated by the submission beasts in this assembly. He was for war to the tooth, and from the tooth to the gum.

The woods resounded with his eloquence, and for a moment all appeared to be for war. But after a little, up rose the Rhinoceros, from Kanawha, who said that on an occasion of so much importance Virginia ought to act with calmness, coolness, serenity, and deliberation. He was opposed to party legislation; that time was the great pacificator. He did not think that this Monkey question was of sufficient importance to break up this glorious Union. For his part, he thought Virginia would be better off without Monkeys than with them; that he would wade through a red sea of blood to abolish Monkey slavery from the land ere he would see this glorious Union destroyed; that many sneers had been cast upon the West in connection with this Monkey question. He would let the beasts from the East know that none of their shafts had penetrated his hide—it was too thick for such paltry weapons. He went for the honor, glory, and dignity of his native State, and that those could be best preserved by the abolition of slavery and union with the North.

An old Eagle, from Charles City, said that he had once been King himself, and if the Orang Outang only knew as well as he did what were the cares of office, he would be glad to return to his native forest. He had lately flown over the enemy's camp, and had done his best to avert the calamity of war; but it was of no avail—they would listen to no compromise. He hoped that Virginia would not listen to the siren voice of the submissioners. Our only hope is stern resistance. He was old, but ready to fight, and, if necessary, to lead the van.

Here the Lion gave a playful growl, and said that that was his place.

The Game Cock, of Albemarle, rose on the spur of the moment, flapped his wings, and made a most eloquent and stirring speech. With his clarion voice he urged determined resistance. His motto was, "Never say die."

The Leopard, of Prince Edward, also made a powerful appeal for resistance. He playfully remarked that it had been

said that he would not change his spots, but that was a mistake. If he did not like one spot, he could go to another, and rather than submit to Old Abe, he would go from the South to a more congenial clime; and he urged his fellow-beasts—particularly those of the feline race, except the Cat, who, he said, was a treacherous beast—to go with him.

The Hyena, from Monongahela, said that he thought it a hard case that the beasts of the West should be taxed to protect the Monkey property of the East, which was the cause of all the trouble. He thought that the best way to put a stop to this contemplated rebellion in Virginia was to make the Monkey-holders pay all the expenses of the war, and he therefore introduced a resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, by which a heavy tax should be laid upon Monkeys, particularly young Monkeys, who are now exempt from taxation.

A curly-headed Poodle, from Richmond, nearly overcome with dignity and fat, said that he had prepared a speech for the occasion, but as the weather was getting warm, he did not feel like exerting himself, and therefore begged to be excused.

All this time, whilst the debate was going on, there was a Serpent, who was the chief counsellor of Old Abe, who had sneakingly insinuated himself into the midst of the council, and was gliding silently along from member to member, and whispering in the ear of each of the submissionists, and promising them great things if they would only go for Old Abe.

To the Pony he promised that he would cure him of the Botts, and give him plenty of oats, and nothing to do.

To the old Horse, from Prince George, he promised a crib full of corn and a curry-comb.

To the fat Ox, from Augusta, he promised that he should be translated to green fields and pastures new.

To the Jackal, a plenty of bones to pick.

To the Cat, a plenty of Mice and cream.

To the Spaniel, the run of the kitchen.

To the Opossum, a perpetual persimmon tree.

To the Rhinoceros he promised his horn should be exalted and his ambition gratified by a mission to Liberia, which he had previously intended for his friend the Skunk, of Maryland. Whereupon, the Rhinoceros, in poetic frenzy, exclaimed, "Now are the winters of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York."

At last the Serpent sneaked up to the stump, and whispered in the ear of the Owl that he had brought over Governor Boar himself by the promise of a bucket of swill, and that if he (the Owl) would only go for submission to Old Abe, he should be one of his counsellors. Whereupon, the old Owl winked, and cried, "Whoo! whoo!" which in Owl language signifies assent.

The committee then made the following report:

Whereas his majesty, the Orang Outang, of Illinois, has been duly and constitutionally elected King of all the beasts in the United States of America; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it becomes the duty of every beast and of every community of beasts in these United States to submit humbly and cheerfully to the authority of the said Orang Outang, and that the honor, glory and dignity of the Old Dominion may be safely entrusted to his keeping.

Resolved, That we will resist with all our might and to the last extremity any attempt to coercion of our Southern brethren, but that we do not consider that the enforcement of the laws to be coercion, and if our Southern brethren resist the enforcement of the Federal laws, coercion then becomes simply resistance to rebellion, and must be acquiesced in by all good citizens.

Resolved, That we tender our congratulations to his majesty, the Orang Outang; to the beautiful Queen consort; to the accomplished Prince Bob o'Link, and the rest of the royal family, upon their accession to the throne, and hope that in the distribution of their royal favors they will not be unmindful of their humble and dutiful subjects in the Old Dominion.

The question was then put, and the report of the committee was adopted by a large majority.

Three hearty cheers were then given for King Abe, and the council adjourned *sine die.*

JACKSON'S LAST DISPATCH.

NEAR 3 P. M., *May 2d, 1863.*

General,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about 2 miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success. Respecfully,

T. J. JACKSON,
Lt. Gen'l.

Gen'l R. E. Lee.

The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed.

T. J. J.

THE PRIVATE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

An old comrade, in writing of the Stonewall Brigade, says: "The soul of their leader seems to have entered every breast. To meet that enemy was to conquer him, it might almost be said, so obstinately did the eagles of victory continue to perch upon the old battle-flag. The laws of the human body seemed to have been reversed for these men. They marched and fought and triumphed, like war machines, which felt no need of rest or food or sleep. In one day they marched from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, nearly fifty miles. On the advance to Romney they walked—many without shoes—over roads so slippery with ice that men were falling and their guns going off all along the column, and at night lay down without blankets on the snow, with no camp-fires and no food. Any other troops

but these and their Southern comrades would have mutinied and demanded bread. But the shadow of disaffection never flitted over a forehead in that command. Whatever discontent might have been felt at times at the want of attention on the part of subordinate officers, the 'long roll' had only to be beaten, they had only to see the man in the old faded uniform appear, and hunger, cold, fatigue, are all forgotten. I have seen them go into action—after fighting four battles in five days—with the regularity and well-dressed front of holiday soldiers. There was no straggling, no lagging, and every man advanced with steady tramp. The ranks were thin and the faces travel-worn, but the old flag floated in the winds of the Potomac as defiantly as on the banks of the Shenandoah."

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

BY MRS. RANDOLPH HARRISON.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
Which ever seems wailing a sorrowful dirge
For hopes that have perished forever.
And still as I listen, these low mournful notes
Are by fancy all framed into story,
And I hear a lament for those heroes and braves,
Whose names are enshrouded in glory,

Who once trod these shores in the pride of their might,
And swore that the foeman should never
Pollute by his presence our beautiful "South,"
And our flag should float proudly forever.
But those hearts are now still, and o'er their low graves
The loved ones are silently weeping;
While the stars up above, with glittering eyes,
Still keep guard where those heroes are sleeping.

There's another sad voice in the dark river's flow,
Though so low I must bend as I listen,
And the ripples meanwhile seem a shower of tears
As in the bright moonlight they glisten.
It speaks of a "Nation" whose hopes are all fled,
Whose freedom forever departed,
Whose garlands of glory are withered and dead,
Whose people are now broken-hearted.

It whispers of laurels all faded and torn,
Of banners all gory and tattered,
Of armies that proudly defended our rights,
And whose hosts are now vanquished and scattered.
Hark! another sweet voice! 'tis the gentle night-wind;
Through the forest trees softly 'tis sighing;
But it speaks to the heart of glories undimmed,
Of bright hopes, forever undying.

For it says, "Anchor not to this perishing earth
The chains which so soon may be riven";
But remember, while mourning thy sorrow and care,
There is "Happiness," "Freedom," in Heaven.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
And the beautiful voice of the gentle night-wind
As the forest leaves rustle and quiver.

ABOUT A FAMOUS WAR SONG.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

"Yes, Fontaine was a most remarkable character," said General Charles P. Mattocks, of Portland, Me., as he handed me a package of letters and other data. "When I was a prisoner in the Confederates' hands at Charleston, S. C., a move-

ment was started to exchange me for Fontaine, whom our troops had captured. Each of us held the rank of major at the time. But the scheme miscarried, and he was exchanged for Major Berry White, of Pennsylvania."

"This man, Lamar Fontaine," continued the General, "is famous throughout the South for two things. It was he who, in May, 1863, undertook the seemingly foolhardy but nevertheless successful exploit of carrying a supply of percussion caps from the Confederate General Loring's headquarters at Jackson, Miss., to the beleaguered General Pemberton, in Vicksburg, when that commander was entirely out of caps, and consequently could not fire a gun.

"Fontaine, who then, as now, was a Mississippian, had horses shot under him, and any quantity of bullets fired at him, making numerous holes in his clothes and equipage, besides other frightful dangers in that terrible experience. He is the hero of twenty-seven hard-fought battles, and came out of the war minus a leg, and bearing other evidences of his war experiences. He is still living in his native State, where, at the age of sixty, he works hard at his profession of surveyor and civil engineer.

"The other thing for which he is celebrated is as the real author of the popular war song, 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.' To be sure, that fact is disputed, but I notice in a book of war songs recently published he is given the credit, which to him rightly belongs.

"But it is not my purpose to go into the discussion of a question in which the public is little interested. What I do care for is the deeply-interesting narrative of war-time episode in connection with the poem, as told in his recent correspondence with me. These are the letters. Read them yourself."

"Thank you, General." And

THIS IS THE STORY:

It appears that not long after the first battle of Bull Run, in which Fontaine, as a private in Company K (the Burt Rifles), Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, took part, he was transferred

to the Second Virginia Cavalry, and at the time of which this narrative treats was doing picket duty just above the head of an island near the Seneca Falls on the Potomac. This was August, 1861, one month after Bull Run. So many of the Confederates had gone home on furlough that the picket lines were thin, being stretched over a vast extent of river-front, and what few men, comparatively, were on the front had to do double duty.

It was here that Fontaine and another private named Moore formed a close friendship. Moore was a married man, and fairly idolized his wife and their two beautiful children. Moore and Fontaine were together, whether on picket or guard duty. They clung to each other. They bought little hand-books of poems—Byron, Burns, and others—and together they would sit in the cool shade of the trees or hanging rocks that lined the Potomac above the falls of Seneca, and read aloud to each other passages from their favorite authors.

At this section of the two army lines the pickets on either side of the water, Federal and Confederate, had come to an unstanding and agreement that there should be no firing at each other while on picket duty; and but for the treacherous violation of this contract by a dastardly soldier the incident herewith related would not have occurred, and "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" would never have been penned. I give the story in Fontaine's own graphic words:

"We had to stand on a post six hours at a time. That night I took my stand at 6 o'clock, and Moore retired to rest. The nights were chilly, and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by, and a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit on and rest at times, after walking my beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face when the dreary monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to sleep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived, I stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots, and roused Moore to take my place.

"He rose slowly, picked up his gun, stepped to the fire, and

stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned, and while his arms were extended, and his hand grasping the barrel of his gun, there was a flash across the river and the whiz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth, with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark, crimson tide. Not a word, not a groan escaped him.

"I REMOVED HIS REMAINS

from near the fire where he had fallen. And as I did so my eyes fell on the telegraphic column of a newspaper, and it was headed, 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.'

"And, oh, how truthful it was! It was certainly all quiet with me and with him whom I loved as a brother.

"I could not help shedding a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife, and his children, and to the falsehood told by those whose guest I had been, and whose treachery had caused his death, and they grew bitter, and a demon of vengeance arose in my heart, which was not stilled until the white dove of peace had spread her snowy pinions over the whole face of the land and the bombshell rolled across the sward like the plaything of a child.

"When morning dawned the words in that newspaper were burned in my brain; they rang in my ears, and were painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together—his letters, sword, hat, all—and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his marble face and glazed eyes in the unbroken silence of my lonely watch I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Orderly Sergeant W. W. Williamson (who was a fine critic) and Lieutenants Graham and Depritt, of my company, and Williamson suggested that if I would only make it more pathetic, instead of sarcastic, it would take better.

"I did so, and on the 9th of August I had it complete, as the poem now stands, and I read it to my messmates, and received

their highest commendation. I gave them copies of the original, and they recopied and sent them home, and soon the whole regiment, brigade, division, and army were in possession of it.

"My father, whom I met shortly after the completion of it, suggested that instead of 'stray picket' I ought to say 'lone picket.' But I did not alter it. The ladies of Leesburg, in Loudoun county, Virginia, put the words to music, and used to sing them for us long before they were printed. I gave one copy to Miss Eva Lee, and another to a Miss Hempstone; also a copy to John M. Orr, who at that time was mayor of the town. I gave copies to many others whose names I cannot recall."

This soldier-poet had one of the most remarkable war records known. He entered the army as a private in the first company organized in the State—the Mississippi Rifles, of Jackson. At the battle of Manassas he was severely wounded by a cannon-shot, which unfitted him for infantry service. Unwilling to be discharged, he procured a transfer to Company I, Second Regiment Virginia Cavalry. Near Winchester, in company with a friend (Private John Moore, of Campbell county, Va.), he performed a feat without parallel in the annals of war—mentioned in General Ewell's official report. These two young men, unassisted and alone, charged and captured a piece of artillery manned by eight of the enemy. Near Strasburg a shell exploded against his horse's head, blowing it to atoms and breaking Lamar's thigh. While being carried from the field another shell wounded him in the hip. Soon after, while lying under a tree, a minie-ball penetrated the back of his neck, passed down near the spine, where the surgeons could not find it. Since then his right side and leg have remained paralyzed; but he again joined his company, performing military duty with his crutches tied to his saddle. In this condition he fought in seven battles—Hazel-River Bridge, Warrenton Springs, the Rappahannock or Waterloo Bridge, the battles of the 29th, 30th, and 31st (of Manassas), and the

battle of Germantown. To secure information for General R. H. Anderson, while the enemy were shelling Warrenton Springs, Lamar volunteered, swam the Rappahannock, surprised three armed pickets, and brought them across the river to the General, who gave the crutched hero a certificate complimenting his skill and gallantry. At the battle of Hazel River a minie-ball broke one of his crutches, and an enemy's riderless horse ran against him and broke the other. In the second day's fight at Manassas his horse was killed under him; another was killed under him at Germantown, and while pursuing the enemy a pistol shot penetrated his cap, grazed his temple, and knocked him from his horse. After he was pronounced incompetent to perform military duty he acted as volunteer nurse in hospitals, during which time he captured six prisoners and killed many of the enemy. He had in different battles six horses killed under him.

"TRUE TO THE LAST."

We give the following pathetic verses to our readers, premising that they were written upon an incident which occurred in the last battle of one of the author's friends. Having a foreboding of his fate, he pencilled on the plating of his scabbard the name of his lady-love and the words, "In the face of death my thoughts are thine." A faithful comrade removed from his body and bore to the weeping maiden this sad token of his constancy. Colonel W. Stewart Hawkins, of Tennessee, is one of the most chivalrous and accomplished gentlemen of the South, and, though a foeman, has won the esteem of his opponents on the field and his captors while in prison by his noble and manly spirit, his gallant and generous bearing. He is very youthful, and, with the enthusiasm of his years, seems to unite in himself the literary tastes of Sidney, the valor of Bayard, and the endurance of Roderick.—*New York Knickerbocker.*

TRUE TO THE LAST.

The bugles blow the battle call,
And through the camp each stalwart band
To-day its serried column forms
To fight for God and native land!
Brave men are marching by my side,
Our banners floating glad and free,
But yet, amid this brilliant scene,
I give my thoughts to thee.

The horsemen dashing to and fro,
The drums wild and thunderous roll,
The sights and sounds—all things that tend
To kindle valor in the soul.
These are all here, but in the maze
Of squadrons moved with furious glee,
Still true to every vow we made,
I give my thoughts to thee.

The deep booms smite the troubled air,
Each throb proclaims the foeman near,
And faintly echoed from the front,
I hear my gallant comrades cheer—
Wild joy of heroes, marching on,
Through blood, their glorious land to free!
I give to freedom here my life,
But all my thoughts to thee.

And yet, beloved, I must not think
What undreamed bliss may soon be mine:
It would unman me in the work
Of guarding well our country's shrine.
Here on this sword I write my troth—
These words shall yet thy solace be;
They'll tell how, in this last fierce hour,
I gave my thoughts to thee.

Along the east the holy morn
  Renews life's many cares and joys:
This hour, I hope, some wish for me,
  Thy pure and tender prayer employs.
Another beauteous dawn of light
  These eyes, alas! may never see,
But even dying, faint and maimed,
  I still would think of thee.

And then, in coming years, that roll,
  When scenes of peace and brightness throng,
And round each happy hour is twined
  The wreath of friendship, love, and song,
Go to his grave, whose heart was thine,
  And by that spot a mourner be,
One tear for him, thy loved and lost,
  Whose last thought clung to thee.

THE VANQUISHED PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

Ruler of nations! bow thy ear—
  I cannot understand
Thy ways—but thou wilt heed this prayer
  For thy beloved land,

Dear for young joys and earnest toil,
  Through many a stirring year;
My kindred's blood has dyed her soil,
  And made her *trebly* dear.

Teach me to sorrow with my land,
  Yet not to hate her foe,
To bow submissive to thy hand,
  Which dealt the chastening blow.

Withholden by thy sovereign will,
  What pain I would implore,
Give us some blessing richer still,
  From out thy boundless store.

Though now denied our blood-bought right,
  Yet grant us, Lord, to be
In thine and every nation's sight,
  Worthy of Liberty!

Pilgrims and strangers in the world—
  No land to call our home,
Our banner from its station hurled—
  Our freedom from its throne;

Let us not seek in scenes of mirth
  For surcease from our grief,
Help us to turn to Heaven from earth—
  Find only there relief.

To suffer with a suffering race—
  Their bitter cup to share—
Look on that cross with patient face,
  Which vanquished patriots bear.

May Heaven draw us more and more,
  Earth less entrancing be—
Until we reach the shining shore,
  And once again be free.

Dear fettered land! this heart is given
  Till death—to thine and thee;
When I forget thy sons—may Heaven
  Cease to remember me!

"JACKSON'S FOOT-CAVALRY."

BY HARD-CRACKER.

Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
Through marsh and bog, by wood and glen—
Where "Stonewall" leads, we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising dim and thick,
Or smoke of battle o'er us,
Close to our leader we must "stick,"
As he trots on before us.

Now we're *trotting* up a hill,
Or fast behind it sinking;
Or jumping o'er some road-side rill,
Without a pause for drinking;
Now crowding on the narrow road
In thick and struggling masses;
Now skirmishing the fields so broad,
Or guarding mountain-passes.

Our march is thirty miles a day,
And forty—now and then—
But that's not strange, you well may say,
For we are Jackson's men.
Before the sun gets up, we rise,
And eat our beef and dough,
And e'er the morn has left the skies,
We're off upon the "go."

With five days' rations of *fresh meat*,
(And no shirts) on our backs,
And "nary a leather" on our feet,
We're ever making tracks.
In this sad plight we dash ahead
From morn till late at night,
Or else are halted, well-nigh dead,
To charge the foe in fight.

Ah! then we throw aside our *beef*—
Our blankets follow suit;
The exchange, we know, is our relief—
We're sure to get the *boot.*

No wonder that the Yankees run,
And will not stop to fight;
For we've no need of sword or gun—
They cannot stand a *sight.*
Our long hair floating on the wind,
Like witches in Macbeth—
They know they dare not lag behind—
We'll have their—shoes, or death.

Young man! if truly you desire
To join our gallant band—
If "Jack's" the leader you admire,
Enlist in our command.
You'll meet the "*Yanks*" ere many a day.
If killed—why, what's the loss?
In Heaven you'll be proud to say,
I was one of "*Jack's Foot-Horse.*"

Camp of the "Used-ups," September 26, 1862.

TURNER ASHBY.

Turner Ashby was born in Fauquier, and sleeps in the cemetery at the University of Virginia. Late in the afternoon of the 9th day of June, 1862, after the battle and victory of Port Republic, near Harrisonburg, after a brilliant fight with the Yankee cavalry, which he routed and put to flight, after capturing some sixty or seventy, and among them their leading officers, the gallant Turner Ashby was struck by a minie-ball and killed almost instantly.—*Ill. News, Oct. 18, 1862.*

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.*

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day "our promise to pay,"
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

Days rolled by, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes
If a dollar should drop in the till.

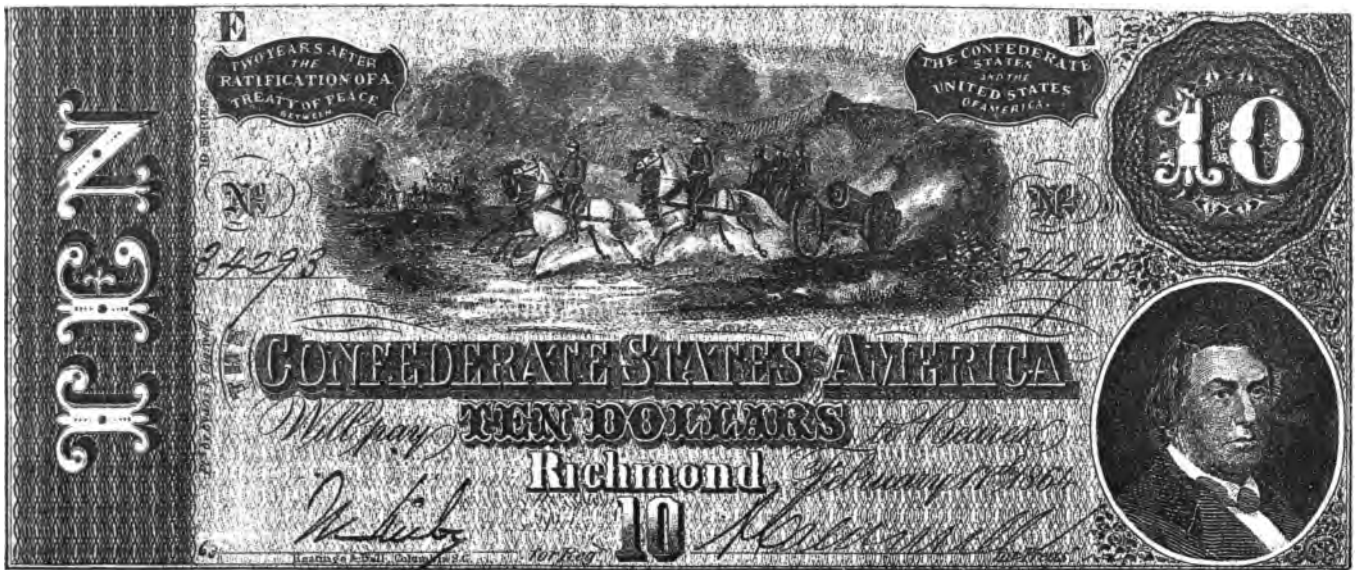
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were over due.
We knew if it brought us our bread to-day,
It was the best our poor country could do.

Keep it. It tells our history all over,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success, it passed.

*These lines were found written upon the back of a five-dollar Confederate note subsequent to the surrender.



Fac-simile Photolithograph from an old plate by A. HOEN & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, Richmond, Va.

See Poem.

Constitutions of the United States

AND THE

Confederate States of America.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

WE the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

CONSTITUTION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

We, the People of the *Confederate* States, *each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent Federal Government*, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity—*invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God*—do ordain and establish this Constitution for the *Confederate* States of America.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. All legislative powers herein *delegated* shall be vested in a Congress of the *Confederate* States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall *be citizens of the Confederate States and* have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; *but no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be*

* This is an exact copy of the original in punctuation, spelling, capitals, etc.

No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the Age of twenty-five Years, and been seven Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective Numbers,* which shall be determined by adding to the whole Number of free Persons, including those bound to Service for a Term of Years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other Persons.† The actual Enumeration shall be made within three Years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent Term of Ten years, in such Manner as they shall by Law direct. The Number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty Thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to chuse three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations one, Connecticut five, New York six, New Jersey four, Pennsylvania eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina five, South Carolina five, and Georgia three.

When vacancies happen in the Representation from any State, the Executive Authority thereof shall

allowed to vote for any officer, civil or political, State or Federal.

No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years, and *be a citizen of the Confederate* States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this *Confederacy*, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all *slaves*. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the *Confederate* States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every *fifty* thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of *South Carolina* shall be entitled to choose *six, the State of Georgia ten, the State of Alabama nine, the State of Florida two, the State of Mississippi seven, the State of Louisiana six, and the State of Texas six.*

When vacancies happen in the representation from any State, the Executive authority thereof shall is-

* Under the census of 1860 one representative is allowed for every 127,381 persons.

† "Other persons" refers to slaves. See Amendments, Art. XIV., Sections 1 and 2.

issue Writs of Election to fill such Vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall chuse their Speaker and other officers;* and shall have the sole Power of Impeachment.

SECTION 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years: and each Senator shall have one Vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in Consequence of the first Election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first Class shall be vacated at the Expiration of the second Year, of the second Class at the expiration of the fourth Year, and of the third class at the Expiration of the sixth Year, so that one-third may be chosen every second year; and if Vacancies happen by Resignation, or otherwise, during the Recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary Appointments until the next Meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained the Age of thirty years, and been nine Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

sue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers; and shall have the sole power of impeachment, *except that any judicial or other Federal officer, resident and acting solely within the limits of any State, may be impeached by a vote of two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature thereof.*

SECTION 3. The Senate of the *Confederate* States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen for six years by the Legislature thereof, *at the regular session next immediately preceding the commencement of the term of service;* and each Senator shall have one vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled, in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year; of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year; and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year; so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, and *be a citizen of the Confederate* States; and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of *the* State for which he shall be chosen.

* The principal of these are the clerk, sergeant-at-arms, doorkeeper, and postmaster.

The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no Vote, unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall chuse their other Officers, and also a President pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the Office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments. When sitting for that Purpose, they shall be on Oath or Affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: And no Person shall be convicted without the Concurrence of two-thirds of the Members present.

Judgment in Cases of Impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from Office, and Disqualification to hold and enjoy any Office of Honour, Trust or Profit under the United States; but the Party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment, according to law.

SECTION 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding Elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof: but the Congress may at any time by Law make or alter such Regulations, except as to the places of chusing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by Law appoint a different Day.

SECTION 5. Each House shall be

The Vice-President of the *Confederate* States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall choose their other officers; and also a President *pro tempore* in the absence of the Vice-President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the *Confederate* States.

The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the *Confederate* States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.

Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the *Confederate* States; but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment according to law.

SECTION 4. The times, place, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof, *subject to the provisions of this Constitution;* but the Congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the *times and* places of choosing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year; and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall, by law, appoint a different day.

SECTION 5. Each House shall be

the Judge of the Elections, Returns and Qualifications of its own Members, and a Majority of each shall constitute a Quorum to do Business; but a smaller Number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the Attendance of absent Members, in such manner, and under such Penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the Rules of its Proceedings, punish its Members for disorderly Behaviour, and, with the Concurrence of two-thirds, expel a Member.

Each House shall keep a Journal of its Proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such Parts as may in their Judgment require Secrecy; and the Yeas and Nays of the Members of either House on any question shall, at the Desire of one-fifth of those Present, be entered on the Journal.

Neither House, during the Session of Congress, shall, without the Consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other Place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

SECTION 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a Compensation for their Services, to be ascertained by Law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall in all Cases, except Treason, Felony and Breach of the Peace, be privileged from Arrest during their Attendance at the Session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any Speech or Debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other Place.

the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two thirds of the whole number, expel a member.

Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House, on any question, shall, at the desire of one fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

Neither House, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

SECTION 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the Treasury of the *Confederate* States. They shall, in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and, for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil Office under the Authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the Emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no Person holding any Office under the United States, shall be a Member of either House during his Continuance in Office.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the *Confederate* States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the *Confederate* States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office. *But Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department.*

SECTION 7. All Bills for raising Revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with Amendments as on other Bills.

Every Bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a Law, be presented to the President of the United States; If he approve he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it, with his Objections to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the Objections at large on their Journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such Reconsideration two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the Bill, it shall be sent, together with the Objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a Law. But in all such Cases the Votes of both Houses shall be determined by Yeas and Nays, and the Names of the Persons voting for and against the Bill shall be entered on the Journal of each House respec-

SECTION 7. All bills for raising *the* revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments, as on other Bills.

Every bill which shall have passed *both Houses*, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the *Confederate* States; if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to the House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and, if approved by two thirds of that House, it shall become a law. But, in all such cases, the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respec-

tively. If any Bill shall not be returned by the President within ten Days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the Same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their Adjournment prevent its Return, in which Case it shall not be a Law.

Every Order, Resolution, or Vote to which the Concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of Adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the Same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the Rules and Limitations prescribed in the Case of a Bill.

SECTION 8. The Congress shall have Power

To lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States; but all Duties, Imposts and Excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;

tively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return; in which case it shall not be a law. *The President may approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill. In such case he shall, in signing the bill, designate the appropriations disapproved; and shall return a copy of such appropriations, with his objections, to the House in which the bill shall have originated; and the same proceedings shall then be had as in case of other bills disapproved by the President.*

Every order, resolution, or vote, to which the concurrence of *both Houses* may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment), shall be presented to the President of the *Confederate* States; and, before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him; or, being disapproved, shall be repassed by two thirds of *both Houses*, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in case of a bill.

SECTION 8. The Congress shall have power—

To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, *for revenue necessary* to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, *and carry on the Government of the Confederate* States; *but no bounties shall be granted from the Treasury; nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to pro-*

	mote or foster any branch of industry; and all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederate States:
To borrow Money on the credit of the United States;	To borrow money on the credit of the *Confederate* States:
To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian Tribes;	To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes; *but neither this, nor any other clause contained in the Constitution shall ever be construed to delegate the power to Congress to appropriate money for any internal improvement intended to facilitate commerce; except for the purpose of furnishing lights, beacons, and buoys, and other aid to navigation upon the coasts, and the improvement of harbors and the removing of obstructions in river navigation, in all which cases, such duties shall be laid on the navigation facilitated thereby, as may be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof:*
To establish an uniform Rule of Naturalization, and uniform Laws on the subject of Bankruptcies throughout the United States;	To establish uniform *laws* of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the *Confederate* States; *but no law of Congress shall discharge any debt contracted before the passage of the same:*
To coin Money, regulate the Value thereof, and of foreign Coin, and fix the Standard of Weights and Measures;	To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures:
To provide for the Punishment of counterfeiting the Securities and current Coin of the United States;	To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the *Confederate* States:
To establish Post Offices and post Roads;	To establish post-offices and post *routes; but the expenses of the Post-Office Department, after the first day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall be paid out of its own revenue:*
To promote the progress of Sci-	To promote the progress of science

ence and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries;

To constitute Tribunals inferior to the supreme Court;

To define and punish Piracies and Felonies committed on the high Seas, and Offences against the Law of Nations;

To declare War, grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and make Rules concerning Captures on Land and Water;

To raise and support Armies, but no appropriation of Money to that Use shall be for a longer Term than two Years;

To provide and maintain a Navy;

To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces;

To provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections and repel Invasions;

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining, the Militia, and for governing such Part of them as may be employed in the Service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the Appointment of the Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the Discipline prescribed by Congress;

To exercise exclusive Legislation in all Cases whatsoever, over such District (not exceeding ten Miles square) as may, by Cession of particular States, and the Acceptance of Congress, become the Seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like Authority over all Places purchased by the Consent of the Legislature of the State in which the Same shall be, for the Erec-

and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries:

To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court:

To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high-seas, and offences against the law of nations:

To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and on water:

To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years:

To provide and maintain a navy:

To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces:

To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the *Confederate* States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions:

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the *Confederate* States, reserving to the States, respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress:

To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of *one or more* States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the *Confederate* States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erec-

tion of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, Dock-Yards, and other needful buildings;—And

To make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Officer thereof.

SECTION 9. The Migration or Importation of such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a Tax or Duty may be imposed on such Importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each Person.

The privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in Cases of Rebellion or Invasion the public Safety may require it.

No Bill of Attainder or ex post facto Law shall be passed.

No Capitation, or other direct, Tax shall be laid, unless in Proportion to the Census or Enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

No Tax or Duty shall be laid on Articles exported from any State.

No Preference shall be given by any Regulation of Commerce or Revenue to the Ports of one State over those of another: nor shall Vessels bound to, or from, one State, be

tion of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings; and

To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the *Confederate* States, or in any department or officer thereof.

SECTION 9. The importation of *negroes of the African race, from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.*

Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.

The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it.

No bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, *or law denying or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed.*

No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State *except by a vote of two thirds of both Houses.*

No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another.

obliged to enter, clear, or pay Duties in another.

No Money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in Consequence of Appropriations made by law; and a regular Statement and Account of the Receipts and Expenditures of all public Money shall be published from time to time.

No Title of Nobility shall be granted by the United States: And no Person holding any Office of Profit or Trust under them, shall, without the Consent of the Congress, accept of any present, Emolument, Office, or Title, of any kind whatever, from any King, Prince, or foreign State.

No money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

Congress shall appropriate no money from the Treasury, except by a vote of two thirds of both Houses, taken by yeas and nays, unless it be asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of departments, and submitted to Congress by the President; or for the purpose of paying its own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for the investigation of claims against the Government, which it is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish.

All bills appropriating money shall specify, in Federal currency, the exact amount of each appropriation, and the purposes for which it is made; and Congress shall grant no extra compensation to any public contractor, officer, agent, or servant, after such contract shall have been made or such service rendered.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the *Confederate* States; and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of

speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject, for the same offence, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have

been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact *so* tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the *Confederacy*, than according to the rules of the common law.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted.

Every law, or resolution having the force of law, shall relate to but one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title.

SECTION 10. No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money; emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and Silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts; pass any Bill of Attainder, ex post facto Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts, or grant any Title of Nobility.

No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any Imposts or Duties on Imports or Exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection Laws: and the net Produce of all Duties and Imposts, laid by any State on Imports or Exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the Revision and Controul of the Congress.

SECTION 10. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the *Confederate* States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress.

No State shall, without the Consent of Congress, lay any Duty of Tonnage, keep Troops, or Ships of War in time of Peace, enter into any Agreement or Compact with another State, or with a foreign Power, or engage in War, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent Danger as will not admit of Delay.

No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty *on* tonnage, *except on sea-going vessels for the improvement of its rivers and harbors navigated by the said vessels; but such duties shall not conflict with any treaties of the Confederate States with foreign nations. And any surplus revenue thus derived shall, after making such improvement, be paid into the common Treasury; nor shall any* State keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. *But when any river divides or flows through two or more States, they may enter into compacts with each other to improve the navigation thereof.*

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his Office during the Term of four Years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same Term, be elected as follows:

Each State shall appoint, in such Manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a Number of Electors, equal to the whole Number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress: but no Senator or Representative, or Person holding an Office of Trust or Profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector.

*The Electors shall meet in their

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the *Confederate* States of America. *He and the Vice-President shall hold their offices for* the term of *six* years; *but the President shall not be re-eligible. The President and the Vice-President shall* be elected as follows:

Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the *Confederate* States, shall be appointed an elector.

The electors shall meet in their

*Superseded by the twelfth amendment.

respective States, and vote by Ballot for two Persons, of whom one at least shall not be an Inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a List of all the Persons voted for, and of the Number of Votes for each; which List they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the Seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the Presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the Certificates, and the Votes shall then be counted. The Person having the greatest Number of Votes shall be the President, if such Number be a Majority of the whole Number of Electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such Majority and have an equal number of Votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately chuse by ballot one of them for President; and if no Person have a Majority, then from the five highest on the List the said House shall in like manner chuse the President. But in chusing the President, the Votes shall be taken by States, the Representation from each State having one Vote; a Quorum for this Purpose shall consist of a Member or Members from two-thirds of the States, and a Majority of all the States shall be necessary to a Choice. In every Case, after the Choice of the President, the Person having the greatest Number of Votes of the Electors shall be the Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal Votes, the Senate shall chuse from them by Ballot the Vice President.

respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the *Confederate* States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the vote shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-Presi-

The Congress may determine the Time of chusing the Electors, and the Day on which they shall give their Votes; which Day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No Person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President; neither shall any Person be eligible to that Office who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty-five Years, and been fourteen Years a resident within the United States.

In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress

dent shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President, shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President. A quorum for the purpose shall consist of two thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the *Confederate* States.

The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the *Confederate* States.

No person except a natural born citizen of the *Confederate* States, or a citizen thereof at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, *or a citizen thereof born in the United States prior to the 20th of December, 1860,* shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the *limits of the Confederate* States, *as they may exist at the time of his election.*

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President; and the Congress

may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation, or Inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly, until the Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the Period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) "that I will faithfully execute the "Office of President of the United "States, and will to the best of my "Ability, preserve, protect and de- "fend the Constitution of the United "States."

SECTION 2. The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several States, when called into the actual Service of the United States; he may require the Opinion, in writing, of the principal Officer in each of the executive Departments, upon any Subject relating to the Duties of their respective Offices, and he shall have Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offences against the United States, except in Cases of Impeachment.

He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present con-

may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President; and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected; and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the *Confederate* States, or any of them.

Before he enters on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the *Confederate* States *of America*, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution *thereof*."

SECTION 2. The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the *Confederate* States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the *Confederate* States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the *Confederacy*, except in cases of impeachment.

He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and

cur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the supreme Court, and all other Officers of the United States, whose Appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by Law: but the Congress may by law vest the Appointment of such inferior Officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments.

he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court and all other officers of the *Confederate* States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The principal officer in each of the executive departments, and all persons connected with the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the executive department may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and, when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor.

The President shall have Power to fill up all Vacancies that may happen during the Recess of the Senate, by granting Commissions which shall expire at the End of their next Session.

The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session. *But no person rejected by the Senate shall be reappointed to the same office during their ensuing recess.*

SECTION 3. He shall from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary Occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them, and

SECTION 3. *The President* shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the *Confederacy*, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient: he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of

in Case of Disagreement between them, with Respect to the time of Adjournment, he may adjourn them to such Time as he shall think proper; he shall receive Ambassadors and other public Ministers; he shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed, and shall Commission all the officers of the United States.

SECTION 4. The President, Vice President and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The Judicial Power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The Judges, both of the supreme and inferior Courts, shall hold their Offices during good Behaviour, and shall, at stated times, receive for their Services, a Compensation which shall not be diminished during their Continuance in Office.

SECTION 2. The Judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority;—to all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls;—to all Cases of admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction;—to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party; to Controversies between two or more States;—between a State and Citizens of another State;—between Citizens of different States,—between Citizens of the same State

them; and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the *Confederate* States.

SECTION 4. The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the *Confederate* States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The judicial power of the *Confederate* States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The Judges, both of the Supreme and inferior Courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

SECTION 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under this Constitution, the laws of the *Confederate* States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the *Confederate* States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State, *where the State is plaintiff;* between citizens claiming lands under grants of different States,

claiming Lands under Grants of different States, and between a State, or the Citizens thereof, and foreign States, Citizens or Subjects.

In all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.

The Trial of all Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be by Jury; and such Trial shall be held in the State where the said Crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the Trial shall be at such Place or Places as the Congress may by Law have directed.

SECTION 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying War against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort. No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the Testimony of two witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court.

The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture except during the Life of the Person attainted.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. Full Faith and Credit shall be given in each State to the public Acts, Records, and judicial

and between a State or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens, or subjects. *But no State shall be sued by a citizen or subject of any foreign state.*

In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury, and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

SECTION 3. Treason against the *Confederate* States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial pro-

Proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may by general Laws prescribe the Manner in which such Acts, Records and Proceedings shall be proved, and the Effect thereof.

SECTION 2. The Citizens of each State shall be entitled to all Privileges and Immunities of Citizens in the several States.

A Person charged in any State with Treason, Felony, or other Crime, who shall flee from Justice, and be found in another State, shall on Demand of the executive Authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having Jurisdiction of the Crime.

No Person held to Service or Labour in one State, under the Laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in Consequence of any Law or Regulation therein, be discharged from such Service or Labour, but shall be delivered up on Claim of the Party to whom such Service or Labour may be done.

SECTION 3. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the Jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the Junction of two or more States, or Parts of States, without the Consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress.

ceedings of every other State. And the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

SECTION 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, *and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired.*

A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime *against the laws of such State*, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

No slave or other person held to service or labor *in any State or Territory of the Confederate States*, under the laws thereof, escaping *or lawfully carried* into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party *to whom such slave belongs, or* to whom such service or labor may be due.

SECTION 3. *Other States may be admitted into this Confederacy by a vote of two thirds of the whole House of Representatives and two thirds of the Senate, the Senate voting by States;* but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States,

without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory or other Property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to Prejudice any Claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations *concerning* the *property of the Confederate* States, *including the lands thereof.*

The Confederate States may acquire new territory; and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States, lying without the limits of the several States; and may permit them, at such times and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory, the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress and by the territorial government; and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and Territories shall have the right to take to such Territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or Territories of the Confederate States.

SECTION 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government, and shall protect each of them against Invasion, and on Application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic Violence.

The *Confederate* States shall guarantee to every State *that now is, or hereafter may become, a member of this Confederacy*, a republican form of government; and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the Legislature (or of the Executive when the Legislature *is not in session*), against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V.

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose Amendments to this Constitution, or, on the Application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a Convention for proposing Amendments, which, in either Case, shall be valid to all Intents and Purposes, as Part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other Mode of Ratification may be proposed by the Congress: Provided that no Amendment which may be made prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any Manner affect the first and fourth Clauses in the Ninth Section of the first Article; and that no State, without its Consent, shall be deprived of its equal Suffrage in the Senate.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. *Upon the demand of any three States, legally assembled in their several conventions, the Congress shall summon a Convention of all the States, to take into consideration such amendments to the Constitution as the said States shall concur in suggesting at the time when the said demand is made; and should any of the proposed amendments to the Constitution be agreed on by the said Convention—voting by States—and the same be ratified by the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, or by conventions in two thirds thereof*—as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the *General Convention—they shall thenceforward form* a *part of this Constitution. But* no State shall, without its consent, be deprived of its equal *represenation* in the Senate.

ARTICLE VI.

All Debts contracted and Engagements entered into before the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation.

This Constitution, and the Laws of

ARTICLE VI.

The Government established by this Constitution is the successor of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, and all the laws passed by the latter shall continue in force until the same shall be repealed or modified; and all the officers appointed by the same shall remain in office until their successors are appointed and qualified, or the offices abolished.

All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this Constitution shall be as valid against the *Confederate* States under this Constitution as under the *Provisional Government.*

This Constitution, and the laws

the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States.

ARTICLE VII.

The Ratification of the Conventions of nine States, shall be sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the Same.

of the *Confederate* States made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the *Confederate* States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the *Confederate* States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the *Confederate* States.

The enumeration, in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people *of the several States*.

The powers not delegated to the *Confederate* States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people *thereof*.

ARTICLE VII.

The ratification of the Conventions of *five* States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.

When five States shall have ratified this Constitution in the manner before specified, the Congress under the Provisional Constitution shall prescribe the time for holding the election of President and Vice-President, and for the meeting of the electoral college,

and for counting the votes, and inaugurating the President. They shall also prescribe the time for holding the first election of members of Congress under this Constitution, and the time for assembling the same. Until the assembling of such Congress, the Congress under the Provisional Constitution shall continue to exercise the legislative powers granted them; not extending beyond the time limited by the Constitution of the Provisional Government.

Articles in Addition to, and Amendment of, the Constitution of the United States of America. Proposed by Congress and ratified by the Legislatures of the several States, pursuant to the fifth article of the original Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II.

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III.

No Soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject

for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any Criminal Case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have Compulsory process for obtaining Witnesses in his favour, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence.

ARTICLE VII.

In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall otherwise be re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE XII.*

The Electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate;—The President of the Senate shall, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted;—The person having the greatest number of votes for President, shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a

*This article is substituted for Clause 3, Sec. I., Art. II., page 662, and annuls it. It was declared adopted in 1804.

member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.—The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President, shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list, the Senate shall choose the Vice President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States.

FORBIDDING THE ISSUE OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, WITHOUT THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES BEING FIRST TAKEN.

BALTIMORE, *March 21, 1893.*
1621 MCCULLOH STREET.

MY DEAR MRS. DANIEL: Your letter was received this morning. My heart is so entirely with you in your good work that I could not refuse your request, even if I wished to do so; thus I write at once to give you the facts you desire.

The order you have been searching for was published in the Richmond *Dispatch*, April 29, 1865.

My marriage was appointed for May 2d, which would have been on Tuesday. Early Saturday morning, April 29, 1865, I was aroused by my maid, who handed me the morning paper, saying, "Mr. Carrington is here, and told me to give you this." Mr. Carrington was a widower, and quite an old gentleman, who was very fond of a joke and also of saying airy nothings to young girls. He and I had been quite friendly for a long time, and he had frequently threatened to give Captain Sloan a dose of arsenic, if the Yankees did not put a bullet through his heart and save him the trouble, &c. The paper was open at official news, and great black lines enclosed a small printed

space, which proved to be an order from General Halleck, forbidding the courts of Virginia to issue any marriage licenses, unless both parties took the oath of allegiance to the United States. On the margin of the paper Mr. Carrington had written: "If the Captain is not willing to take that oath, I am." Of course I was much dismayed at this news, and at once sent the paper to my father. By the time I had made a hasty toilet Captain Sloan had arrived at the house; and very soon my own family and several of our neighbors, dear old Mr. Carrington included, had assembled in the parlor and were discussing the matter with great indignation and disgust. Up to that time my father had not been a very enthusiastic promoter of our marriage. He thought, and very wisely, that as everything was in such an unsettled condition, and as we were both quite young, it would be wiser for us to wait, at least until the fall.

A report that all Confederate officers were to be exiled at once frightened us into a haste, which the memory of the terrible suspense and anxiety of the past two weeks only accelerated; and, as my dear, good father always yielded his will to my pleasure, he had given a reluctant consent. But, after reading General Halleck's order, his indignation knew no bounds, and now he was as much determined we should be married as before he had been opposed. Many were the expedients suggested, discussed, and rejected to circumvent this petty tyranny of a conquering foe. Every one whom we could think of, whose legal knowledge was worth anything, was sought and consulted, but all to no purpose; no one had any plan to suggest which was at all feasible. At last, after much weary tramping the streets and much useless talking, Captain Sloan suddenly remembered that General Halleck and General Jerry Gilmer, of South Carolina, were classmates at West Point, and such dear and intimate friends that General Gilmer had named a son Henry Halleck. General Gilmer was related to Captain Sloan by marriage, and he and his sisters always called him Uncle Jerry. As drowning men catch at

straws, Captain Sloan and my father at once proceeded to act on this inspiration. My father was well and intimately acquainted with Judge Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange; and, as a member of the Ambulance Committee, also knew Colonel Mulford, the United States Commissioner of Exchange, quite well. Through the influence of these gentlemen, though after much delay and a great deal of red tape, they succeeded in gaining an audience with General Halleck. The General was very courteous, and seemed much amused at the consternation created by his order. Captain Sloan had no difficulty in convincing him of his relationship to his friend, General Gilmer, and, in consideration of that fact, General Halleck good-naturedly declared that the order under discussion should not go into effect until Monday morning. Writing a few words on a slip of official paper, he handed it to Captain Sloan with a smile, saying as he did so: "Let every one know of this countermand, and I suppose there will be many weddings between this time and Monday morning." As *this* time was six o'clock Saturday afternoon, and as there were no Sunday papers in those days, not many people out of our immediate circle of friends were informed of it. We were married on Sunday night at nine o'clock, April 30, 1865.

The order countermanding the first order was for a long time in our possession in a scrap-book, but was not returned by R. O. Polkinhour, a Washington publisher, who reprinted the scrap-book in the form of a history for Captain Sloan, although every effort was made to have him do so. It ran thus, and I may be mistaken as to the number of the order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY POTOMAC,
April 29, 1865.

Order No. 46 will not go into effect until Monday, May 1st, 1865.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
City of Richmond, Va. *Commandant.*

The gown I wore the day after my marriage was a buff calico with tiny brown spots in it, and as it was prettily and becomingly made, I looked as well, and I know I was as happy, as if it had been one of Worth's or Redfern's most bewildering conceits, and I am sure it was as expensive, as it cost $30 per yard. * * *

Cordially yours,

MORTON WORTHAM SLOAN.

WHY THERE IS NO MORE MUSIC IN THE SCRAP-BOOK.

HENRY C. BLACKMAR,
MUSIC, STRINGS, &C., 221 CANAL ST.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *March 9, 1893.*

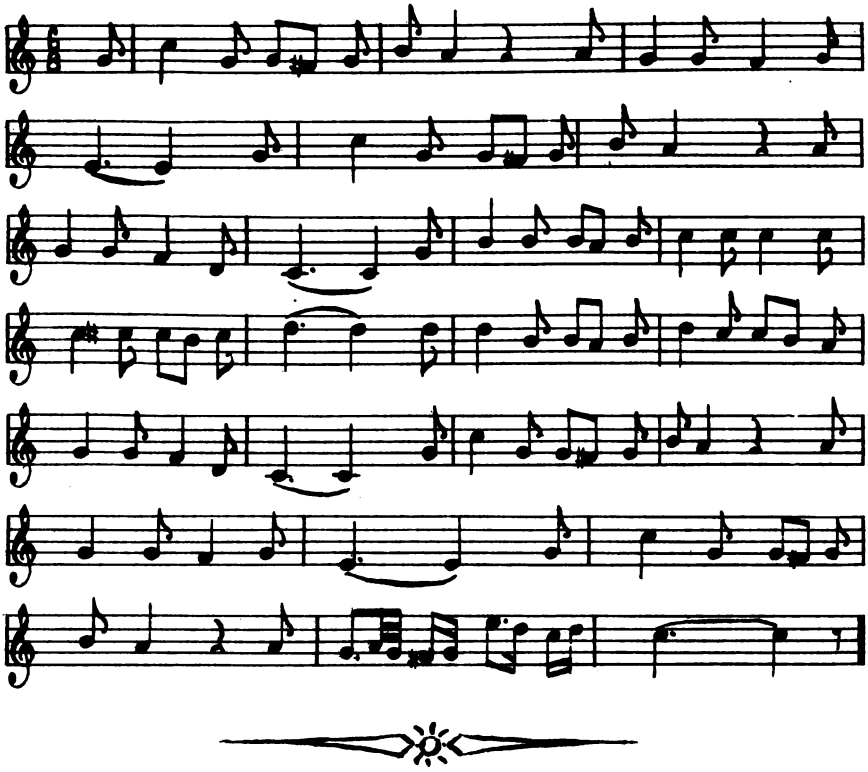
MRS. L. C. DANIEL,

Confederate States Memorial Bazaar:

Answering yours of the 6th instant, I have to say that, of all the Confederate States music we published, not one copy was preserved by us. My brother (A. E. Blackmar), who remained in this city during the war, had his stock of goods raided by General Butler's orders, and all Confederate States goods seized and destroyed. All of our Confederate States copy-rights were confiscated, and nothing remains to us that can be of use to you in your interesting work. An appeal to private individuals—to the women of the "Lost Cause"—ought to bring to you the needed mementoes, for there are numerous collections of this music treasured up by the "Mothers of the Confederacy."

Very respectfully,

HENRY C. BLACKMAR.

"THE VOLUNTEER."

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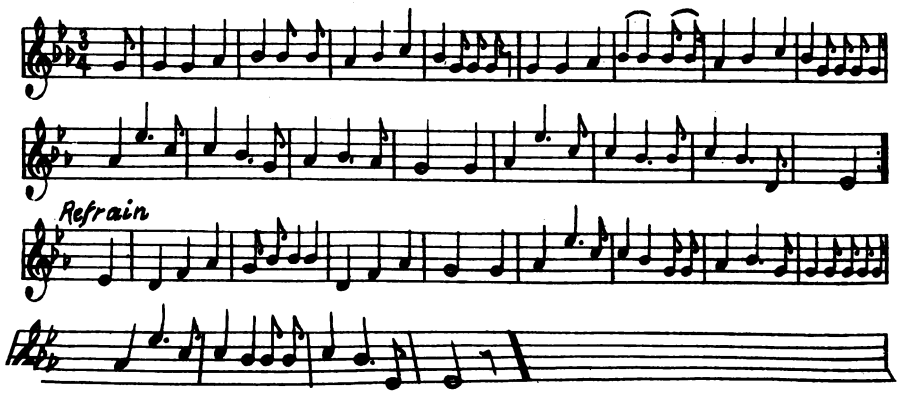
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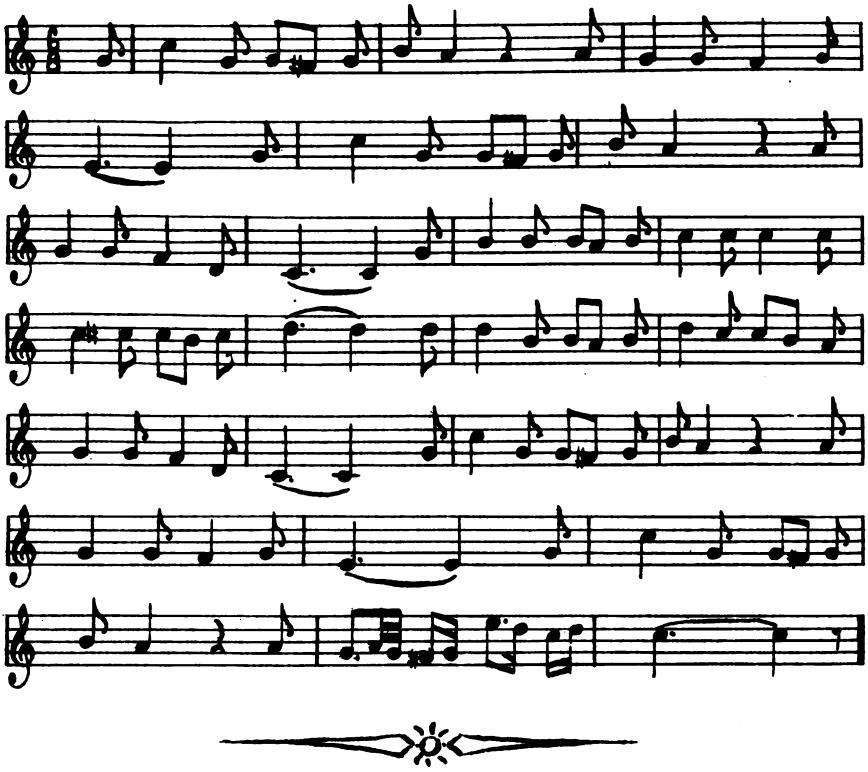
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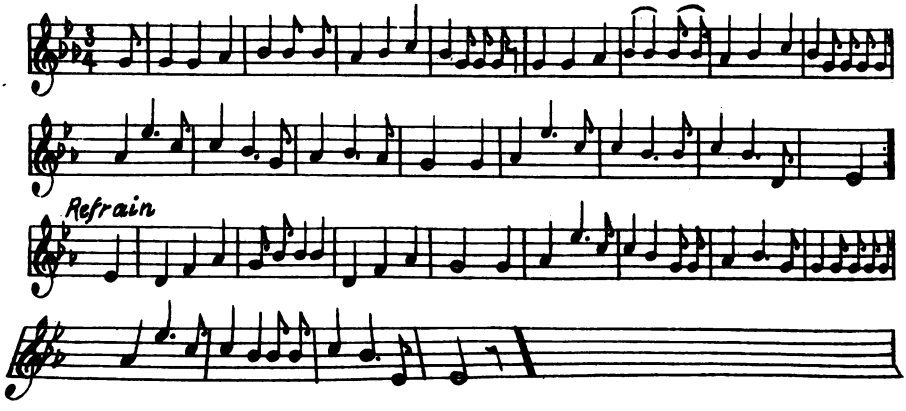
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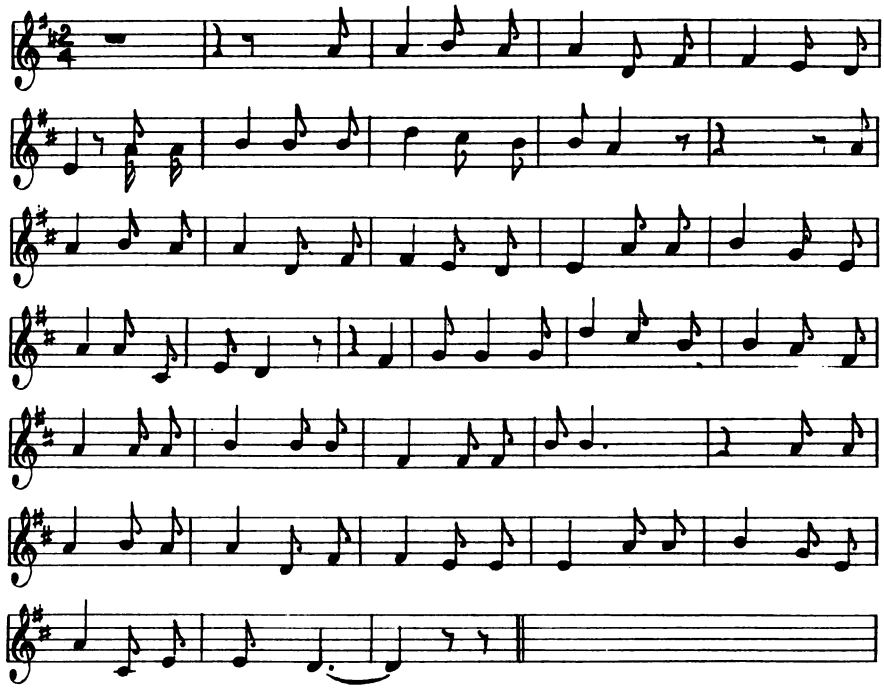
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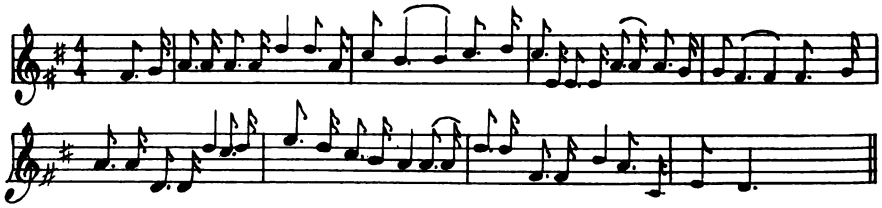
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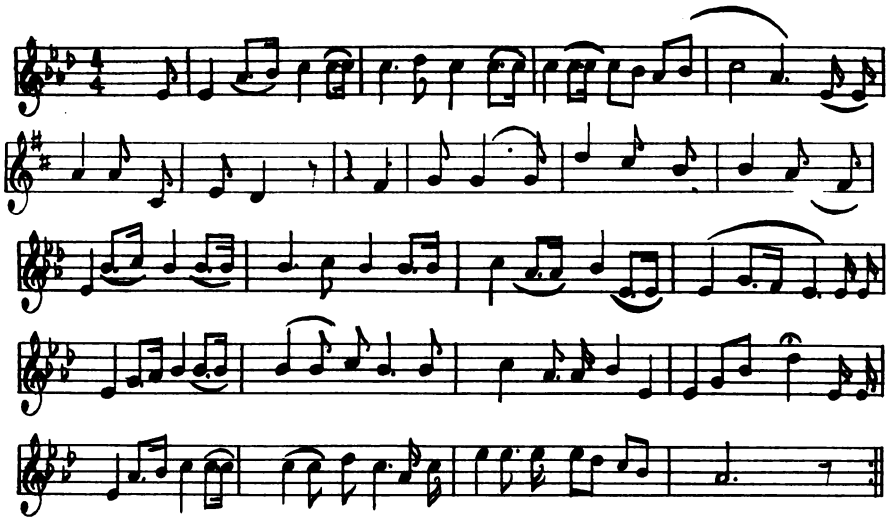
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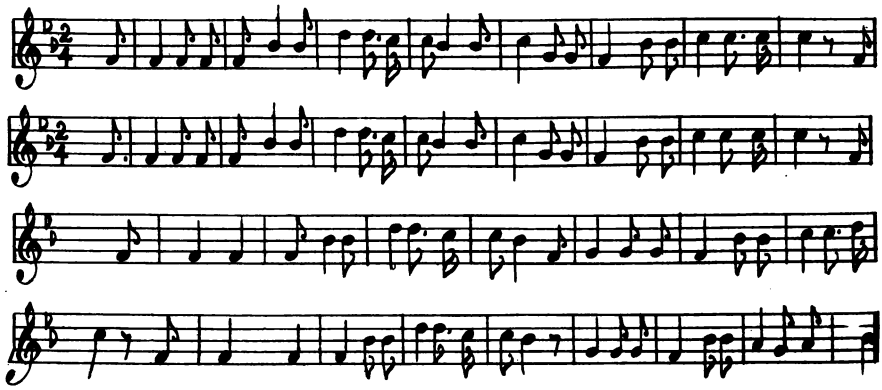
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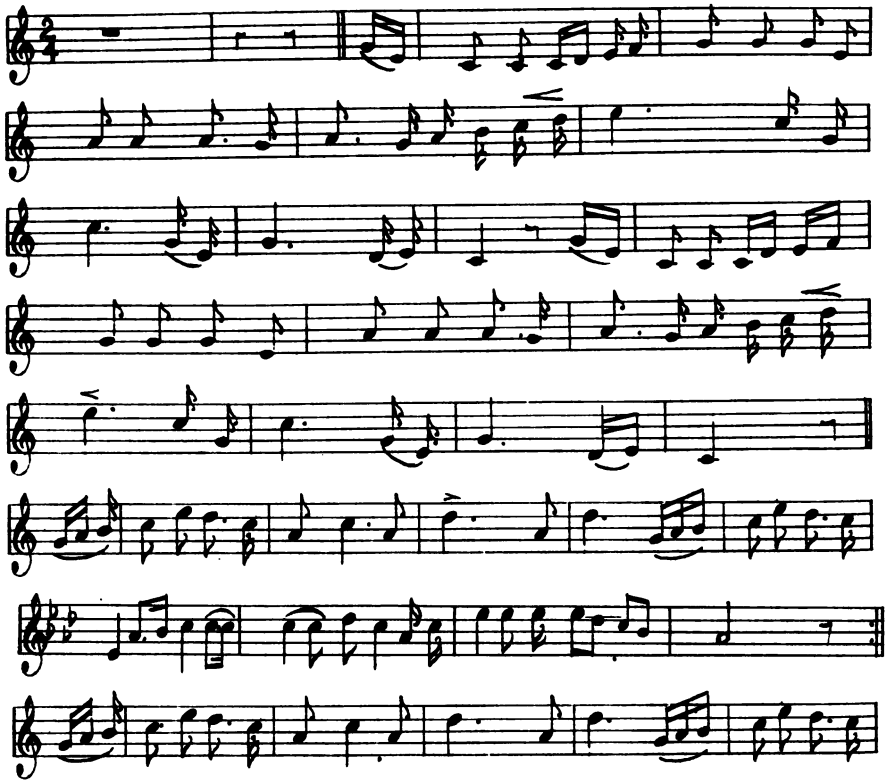

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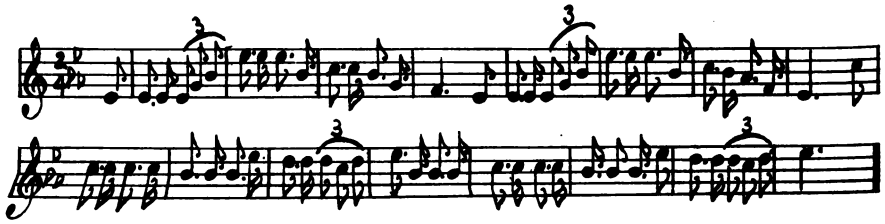

SONGS

OF THE

CAMP AND THE HOME,

Sung in the Confederacy.

PART II.

Songs! March! he gives command,
  Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the Conquered Land
  Have now no guards save you.

And the songs—in stately rhyme,
  And with softly-sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time,
  Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, with brave, sad face,
  Go proudly down their way—
Wailing the loss of a conquered race,
  And waiting—an Easter Day.

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

[AIR—"God Save the Queen."]

God bless our Southern land!
Guard our beloved land!
God save the South!
Make us victorious, happy and glorious; spread thy shield over us;
God save the South!

God of our sires arise! Scatter our enemies, who mock thy truth;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks—
In thee our faith we fix;
God save the South!

In the fierce battle hour,
With thine almighty power,
Assist our youth;
May they with victory crowned,
Joining our choral round
With heart and voice resound,
"God save the South!"

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

BY HARRY MACARTHY.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood, and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare,
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

Chorus.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star.

THE SOUTHRON'S CHANT OF DEFIANCE.

BY C. A. WARFIELD, KENTUCKY. MUSIC BY A. E. BLACKMAR.

You can never win us back
Never! Never!
Though we perish on the track
Of our endeavor;
Though our corses strew the earth,
That once smiled upon their birth,
And blood pollutes each hearth-stone
Forever!

We have risen to a man,
Stern and fearless;
Of your curses and your ban
We are careless.
Every hand is on its knife,
Every gun is primed for strife,
Every palm contains a life
High and peerless!

You have no such blood as ours
For the shedding:
In the veins of cavaliers
Was its heading!
You have no such stately men
In your "abolition den,"
To march through fire and fen,
Nothing dreading!

We may fall before the fire
Of your legions,
Paid with gold for murderous hire—
Bought allegiance;
But for every drop you shed,
You shall have a mound of dead,
And the vultures shall be fed
In your regions.

But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the Judge of right and wrong
Sits in Heaven!
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble with his will.
There are giants yet to kill—
Wrongs unshriven.

SOUTHERN SONG.

TUNE—"Wait for the Wagon."

Come all ye sons of freedom,
And join our Southern band,
We are going to fight the Yankees
And drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto,
And Providence our guide;
So jump into the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Chorus—So wait for the wagon! the
Dissolution wagon;
The South is the wagon, and we'll
All take a ride.

Secession is our watchword;
Our rights we all demand;
To defend our homes and firesides
We pledge our hearts and hands.
Jeff Davis is our President,
With Stephens by his side;
Great Beauregard, our general,
He joins us in our ride.

Chorus.

Our wagon is the very best;
The running-gear is good;
Stuffed round the sides with cotton,
And made of Southern wood.
Carolina is the driver,
With Georgia by her side,
Virginia holds the flag up
While we all take a ride.
Chorus.

Old Lincoln and his Congressmen,
With Seward by his side,
Put old Scott in the wagon,
Just for to take a ride.
McDowell was the driver,
To cross Bull Run he tried,
But there he left the wagon
For Beauregard to ride.
Chorus.

The invading tribe, called Yankees,
With Lincoln for their guide,
Tried to keep good old Kentucky
From joining in the ride;
But she heeded not their entreaties—
She has come into the ring;
She wouldn't fight for government
Where cotton wasn't king.
Chorus.

Manassas was the battle-ground;
The field was fair and wide;
The Yankees thought they'd wipe us out
And on to Richmond ride;
But when they met our "Dixie" boys,
Their danger they espied,
They wheeled about for Washington,
And didn't wait to ride.
Chorus.

Brave Beauregard, God bless him!
Led legions in his stead,
While Johnston seized the colors
And waved them o'er his head.
So rising generations,
With pleasure we will tell,
How bravely our Fisher
And gallant Johnston fell.

Chorus.

—*Raleigh Register.*

THE VOLUNTEER; OR, IT IS MY COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY HARRY MACARTHY.

I leave my home and thee, dear, with sorrow at my heart,
It is my country's call, dear, to aid her, I depart;
And on the blood-red battle plain, we'll conquer or we'll die;
'Tis for our honor and our name, we raise the battle-cry.

Chorus—Then weep not, dearest, weep not, if in the cause I fall;
Oh! weep not, dearest, weep not, it is my country's call.

And yet, my heart is sore, love, to see thee weeping thus;
But mark me, there's no fear, love, for in Heaven is our trust;
And if the heavy, drooping tear swells in my mournful eye
It is that Northmen of our land should cause the battle-cry.

Chorus.

Our rights have been usurped, dear, by Northmen of our land;
Fanatics raised the cry, dear, politicians fired the brand;
The Southrons spurn the galling yoke, the tyrant's threats defy;
They find we've sons like sturdy oaks to raise the battle-cry.

Chorus.

I knew you'd let me go, pet, I saw it in that tear,
To join the gallant men, pet, who never yet knew fear;
With Beauregard and Davis, we'll gain our cause or die;
Win battles like Manassas, and raise the battle-cry.

Chorus.

GOD BLESS OUR SOUTHERN LAND.

[AIR—"God Save the Queen."]

[Respectfully inscribed to Major-General J. B. Magruder, and sung on the occasion of his public reception in the city of Houston, Texas, January 20, 1863.]

God bless our Southern land,
God save our sea-girt land,
And make us free;
With justice for our shield,
May we on battle-field
Never to foemen yield
Our liberty.

O Lord! protect the chief
Who to our prompt relief
From threaten'd woe,
Hasten'd to lead the way;
Nor faltered in the fray,
When from our beauteous bay
He drove the foe.

And may the gallant band
Worthy in his command
Ever to be,
Have of thy watchful care
Ever a plenteous share,
Inspiring each to dare
For home and thee.

"O Lord, our God! arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!"
And when, with peace restored,
Each man lays by the sword,
May he with joy record
Thy mercies all.

MY MARYLAND.

[Written at Pointe Coupee, Louisiana, April 26, 1861. First published in the New Orleans Delta.]

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.]

The despot's heel is on the shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit of the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Dear mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic Semper*," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old-time bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzzah! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! my Maryland!

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

[Words by James B. Randall. Music by Edward O. Eaton.]

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war-shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash
And the roll of his sullen drums.
We hear it! we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget;
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
"There's life in the old land yet."

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead;
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph tread
Of the peerless Beauregard.
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met;
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,—
"There's life in the old land yet."

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain;
The spirit of Freedom sings in the wind,
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane;
And we, though we smite not, are not thralls,
We are piling a gory debt;
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls,
"There's life in the old land yet."

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poignard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows
Ere the Northern sun is set.
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,
"There's life in the old land yet."

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins;
'Tis vocal without noise;
It gushed o'er Manassas' silent plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys.
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat.
By the death of the brave, by the God of the skies,
"There's life in the old land yet."

New Orleans Delta, September, 1861.

"ALLONS ENFANS."

AIR—"Marseillaise."

THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE. BY A. E. BLACKMAR, NEW ORLEANS, 1861.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.]

Sons of the South, awake to glory;
A thousand voices bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Gaze on you now with trusting eyes,
Gaze on you now with trusting eyes;
Your country ev'ry strong arm calling,
To meet the hireling Northern band
That comes to desolate the land
With fire and blood and scenes appalling.
To arms, to arms, ye brave;
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.
March on! March on! etc.

Now, now, the dang'rous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous brothers madly raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And soon our peaceful towns may blaze,
And soon our peaceful towns may blaze.
Shall friends who basely plot our ruin,
Unchecked, advance with guilty stride
To spread destruction far and wide,
With Southron's blood their hands embruing?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death!
March on! etc.

With needy, starving mobs surrounded,
The jealous, blind fanatics dare
To offer, in their zeal unbounded,
Our happy slaves their tender care,
Our happy slaves their tender care.
The South, though deepest wrongs bewailing,
Long yielded all to Union name;
But *Independence* now we claim,
And all their threats are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.
March on! etc.

This may be called the rallying-song of the Confederacy. Composed early in 1861, it was sung throughout the South while the soldiers were hurried to Virginia with this, the grandest of martial airs, as a benediction.

IMOGEN.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER.

Awake! dearest, wake! 'tis thy lover who calls, Imogen;
List! dearest, list! the dew gently falls, Imogen;
Arise to thy lattice, the moon is asleep,
The bright stars above us their bright vigils keep.

Chorus.—Then fear not, my Imogen,
Thou'rt dearer than life!
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife, Imogen,
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife.

Thy steed is impatient his mistress to bear, Imogen,
Home to her lover, on the prairie afar, Imogen,
Belov'd as a maiden, adored as a wife,
Thou shalt be forever the star of my life.

THE CAVALIER'S GLEE.

BY CAPTAIN BLACKFORD, OF GENERAL STUART'S STAFF.

AIR—"The Pirate's Glee."

Spur on! spur on! we love the bounding
Of barbs that bear us to the fray;
"The charge" our bugles now are sounding,
And our bold Stuart leads the way.

Chorus—The path to honor lies before us,
Our hated foemen gather fast;
At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,
And we'll defend them to the last.

Spur on! spur on! we love the rushing
Of steeds that spurn the turf they tread;
We'll through the Northern ranks go crushing,
With our proud battle-flag o'erhead.

Chorus.

Spur on! spur on! we love the flashing
Of blades that battle to be free;
'Tis for our sunny South they're clashing,
For household gods and liberty.

Chorus.

GAY AND HAPPY.

We're the boys so gay and happy,
Wheresoever we chance to be—
If at home, or on camp duty,
'Tis the same—we're always free.

Chorus—Then let the Yanks say what they will,
We'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

We've left our homes and those we cherish
In our own dear Texas land;
We would rather fight and perish
Side by side, and hand in hand.

Chorus.

Old Virginia needs assistance—
Northern hosts invade her soil—
We'll present a firm resistance,
Courting danger, fire, and toil.

Chorus.

Then let drums and muskets rattle—
Fearless as the name we bore,
We'll not leave the field of battle
While a Yank is on our shore.

Chorus.

RICHMOND IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

[AIR—"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."]

DEDICATED TO GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.

Would you like to hear my song—I'm afraid it's rather long—
Of the famous "on to Richmond" double trouble;
Of the half a dozen trips, and a half a dozen slips,
And the very latest bursting of the bubble?
'Tis pretty hard to sing; and like a round, round ring,
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel,
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's shore,
That Richmond was a hard road to travel.

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel;
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way
By Manassas, in the pleasant summer weather,
But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall—foolish man—
And had a "rocky journey" altogether;
And he found it rather hard to ride o'er Beauregard,
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother;
And 'twas clear, beyond a doubt, that he didn't like the route,
And the second time would have to try another.

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Manassas is a hard road to travel;
Manassas gave us fits and Bull Run made us grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Next came the Wooly-Horse,* with an overwhelming force,
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,
But he couldn't find the road, and his "onward movement"
showed
His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.
Then Commissary Banks, with his motley, foreign ranks,
Kicking up a great noise, fuss and flurry,
Lost the whole of his supplies, and with tears in his eyes,
From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For the Valley is a hard road to travel;
The Valley wouldn't do, and we had all to leave,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Then the great Galena came, with her port-holes all aflame,
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,
But the guns at Drewry's Bluff gave them speedily enough
The loudest sort of reg'lar Rebel thunder.
The Galena was astonished and the Monitor admonished;
Our patent shot and shell were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
Was knocked into a ugly cocked hat.

* Fremont, "the path-finder."

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For James River is a hard road to travel;
The gun-boats gave it up in terror and despair;
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I declare.

Then McClellan followed soon, with spade and balloon,
To try the Peninsula approaches,
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
Was no faster than the slowest of "slow coaches."
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Longstreet, indeed, and nothing shorter,
And it put him in the dumps, that spades wasn't trumps,
And the Hills he couldn't level "as he orter."

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Longstreet is a hard road to travel;
Lay down the shovel and throw away the spade,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip, I hope.
I will save the universal Yankee nation;
To make sure of no defeat, I'll leave no lines of retreat,
And issue a famous proclamation."
But that same dreaded Jackson, this fellow laid his whacks on,
And made him by compulsion a seceder.*
And Pope took rapid flight from Manassas' second fight;
'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Stonewall is a hard road to travel;
Pope did his very best, but was evidently sold,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I'm told.

Last of all, the *brave* Burnside, with his pontoon bridge, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel slaughter-pen,
And the blessed Union flag waving o'er him;

* Battle of Cedar Run.

But he met a fire-like hell of canister and shell,
That mowed his men down with great slaughter;
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And the river ran with more blood than water.

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
Rappahannock is a hard road to travel;
Burnside got in a trap which caused him for to grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

We are very much perplexed to know who is the next
To command the new Richmond expedition,
For the Capital *must blaze*, and that in ninety days,
And Jeff and his men be sent to perdition.
We'll take the cussed town, and then we'll burn it down,
And plunder and hang each cussed rebel.
Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would fight—
"Oh, yes, Massa, they fight like the devil!"

Chorus—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel;
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

AIR—"Dixie."

Oh! here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honor'd is now forgotten;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
But here I stand for Dixie dear,
To fight for freedom, without fear;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.

Chorus—For Dixie's land I'll take my stand, to live or die for Dixie's land;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.

Abe Lincoln tore through Baltimore,
In a baggage-car with fastened door;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
And left his wife, alas! alack!
To perish on the railroad track!
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Chorus.

We have no ships, we have no navies,
But mighty faith in the great Jeff Davis;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Brave old Missouri shall be ours,
Despite Abe Lincoln's Northern powers;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Chorus.

Abe's proclamation, in a twinkle,
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Jeff Davis' answer was short and curt:
"Fort Sumter's taken, and nobody's hurt!"
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Chorus.

We hear the words of this same ditty,
To the right and left of the Mississippi;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
In the land of flowers, hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to Rio Grande;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Chorus.

The ladies cheer with heart and hand
The men who fight for Dixie land;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
The "Stars and Bars" are waving o'er us,
And independence is before us;
  Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
Chorus.

MARTINSBURG, VA.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

BY CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

AIR—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
We envy not the Northern girl,
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We send the bravest of our land,
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

Chorus.

Now Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls, never mind—
Your soldier-love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.

Chorus.

The soldier is the lad for me—
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And when fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From all that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

Chorus.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights,
And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.

Chorus.

And now, young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where Honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill a soldier's grave.

Chorus.

SONG OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

BY "P. H. C.," IN RICHMOND EXAMINER.

TUNE—"Barclay and Perkins' Drayman."

[These lines were written January 8, 1861, for a friend, who expected to sing them in the theatre, but thought at the time to be too much in the secession spirit.]

I'm a soldier, you see, that oppression has made!
I don't fight for pay or for booty;
But I wear in my hat a blue cockade,
Placed there by the fingers of Beauty.
The South is my home, where a black man is black,
And a white man there is a white man;
Now I am tired of listening to Northern clack—
Let us see what they will do in a fight, man.

The Yankees are cute; they have managed, somehow,
Their business and ours to settle;
They make all we want, from a pin to a plough,
Now we'll show them some Southern mettle.
We have had just enough of their Northern law,
That robbed us so long of our rights, man,
And too much of their cursed abolition jaw—
Now we'll see what they'll do in a fight, man!

Their parsons will open their sanctified jaws,
And cant of our slave-growing sin, sir;
They pocket the *profits*, while preaching the laws,
And manage our cotton to spin, sir.
Their incomes are nice on our sugar and rice,
Though against it the hypocrites write, sir;
Now our dander is up, and they'll soon smell a mice,
If we once get them into a fight, sir.

Our cotton bales once made a good barricade,
And can still do the State a good service;
With them and the boys of the blue cockade,
There is power enough to preserve us.
So shoulder your rifles, my boys, for defense,
In the cause of our freedom and right, man;
If there's no other way for to learn them sense,
We may teach them a lesson in fight, man.

The stars that are growing so fast on our flags,
We treasure as Liberty's pearls,
And stainless we'll bear them, though shot into rags;
They were fixed by the hands of our girls,
And fixed stars they shall be in our national sky,
To guide through the future aright, man;
And your Cousin Sam, with their gleam in his eye,
May dare the whole world to fight, man.

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.*

National Hymn.

WORDS BY GEORGE H. MILES. MUSIC BY C. W. A. ELLERBROCK—PERMISSION OF A. E. BLACKMAR.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South.
Now that the war is nigh,
Chanting our battle-cry,
Freedom or death.

Chorus—Now that the war is nigh,
Now that we arm to die,
Chanting the battle-cry,
Freedom or death.

* This was the first song published in the South during the war.

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave.
Chorus.

God made the right
Stronger than *might;*
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay *thou* their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side.
Chorus.

Hark Honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
Freedom and life.
Chorus.

Rebels before,
Our fathers of yore,
Rebel's the righteous name
Washington bore.
Why, then be ours the same,
The name that he snatched from shame,
Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war.
Chorus.

War to the hilt,
Theirs be the guilt,
  Who fetter the freeman
To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismayed,
Sheath not the battle-blade
Till the last foe is laid
    Low in the grave.

Chorus.

God save the South,
God save the South;
  Dry the dim eyes that now
    Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove;
Still keep the land we love
    Safe from *thy* wrath.

Chorus.

God save the South,
God save the South,
    Her altars and friends,
God save the South!
  For the great war is nigh,
  And we will win or die,
  Chanting our battle-cry,
      Freedom or death.

Chorus.

VIRGINIA'S WAR-CALL.

Come from your mountain regions,
  Come from your plains afar;
Virginians, come by legions,
  Come panoplied for war!
From every height and valley,
  From cities and from farms,
From every village rally!
  Rise up! Prepare! To arms!

Who calls us from our borders?
  Who bids us leave our toils?
What are these martial orders,
  Of battle and of broil?
Why should we rise by legions?
  Whence are these loud alarms?
Who calls on our allegiance?
  Who summons us to arms?

'Tis I, my sons, no other;
  'Tis I—Virginia—call;
I am your common mother,
  For I have borne you all—
That mother, look upon her!
  Will you desert her now,
And suffer foul dishonor
  To brand her sacred brow?

Can you forget my glory,
  My valiant sons of old—
Names chronicled in story—
  Deeds blazoned in bright gold?
My enemies assemble
  To scorn me and disgrace!
Go, make the invaders tremble!
  Go scourge the treacherous race

I gave them broad dominions;
I gave them liberty;
And now the ungrateful minions
Have turned to fetter me!
Long years have I been pleading,
That they should grant me peace;
But they my voice unheeding,
Vow war shall never cease!

Leave, then, your peaceful labors,
Unfurl your banners high;
Bring your rifles and sabres,
And go prepared to die!
To die for me is glorious!
So died your sires of yore!
My son, come back victorious,
Or never come back more!

—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

BY MRS. M. T. PRESTON, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

Halt! the march is over,
Day is almost done;
Loose the cumbrous knapsack,
Drop the heavy gun;
Chilled, and worn, and weary,
Wander to and fro,
Seeking wood to kindle
Fires amidst the snow.

'Round the camp-blaze gather,
Heed not sleep nor cold;
Ye are Spartan soldiers,
Strong, and brave, and bold.
Never Xerxian army
Yet subdued a foe
Who but asked a blanket
On a bed of snow!

Shivering 'midst the darkness,
Christian men are found,
There devoutly kneeling
On the frozen ground,
Pleading for their country,
In its hour of woe,
For its soldiers marching
Shoeless through the snow.

Lost in heavy slumbers,
Free from toil and strife,
Dreaming of their dear ones—
Home, and child, and wife;
Tentless, they are lying,
While the fires burn low—
Lying in their blankets,
'Midst December's snow.

"THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, VIRGINIA.

Oh! say, can you see, through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation,
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war;
'Tis the Cross of the South which shall ever remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under Virtue, and springs from its coil,
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.

Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel,
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day star of hope,
Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman,
From the shore of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope;
'Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foemen.
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare;
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again.

And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly to arms! while we hurl in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return, like the Spartan, in death on our shield!
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave,
As the flag of the free, or the pall of the brave.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

(FOUND ON THE BODY OF A SERGEANT OF THE OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.)

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night;
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouch hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat—
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well—
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell—
Lord save his soul! we'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff;
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God—
"Lay bare thine arm; stretch forth thy rod;
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off! We'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn!
What matter if our feet are torn!
"Quickstep—we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge—
Pope and his Yankees whipped before—
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born,
Than get in "Stonewall's way."

ADDRESS OF THE WOMEN TO THE SOUTHERN TROOPS.

AIR—"Bruce's Address."

BY MRS. F. T. H. CROSS.

Southern men, unsheathe the sword,
Inland and along the board;
Backward drive the Northern horde—
Rush to victory!

Let your banners kiss the sky,
Be "the right" your battle-cry!
Be the God of battles nigh—
Crown you in the fight!

Pressing back the tears that start,
We behold your hosts depart:
Saying, with heroic heart,
Clothe your arms with might!

Lower the proud oppressor's crest!
Or, if he should prove the best,
Dead, not dishonored, rest
On the field of blood!

We—may God so give us grace!—
Sons will rear, to take your place;
Strong the foeman's steel to face—
Strong in heart and hand!

Death your serried ranks may sweep,
Proud shall be the tears we weep,
Sacredly our hearts shall keep
Memory of your deeds!

Though our land be left forlorn,
Spirit of the Southern-born
Northern rage shall laugh to scorn—
Northern hosts defy.

He that last is doomed to die
Shall, with his expiring sigh,
Send aloft the battle-cry,
"God defend the right!"

MY ORDER.

W. GORDON M'CABE.

(Said to have been found in the pocket of a wounded soldier in hospital.)

This flower has set me a-dreaming
Of the future for you and for me,
All radiant with golden sunlight,
And as bright as the future must be.

When youth guides the pencil, and Fancy
Holds his colors of crimson and gold;
When Heaven's own blue is above us,
And it seems we shall never grow old.

Sweetly stern the voice that awakes me!
Virginia is calling her sons,
I can hear the tramp of her legions,
And her hill-sides are bristling with guns.

I look at my garb as her soldier,
That is rusty and faded by rain,
And know 'tis no time to be dreaming
When her foemen are pressing amain.

I will do as did my brave name-sake,
Whose sad story our old ballads sing,
When his lady-love gave him a flower,
Ere he rode to strike for his king.

He placed it beneath his silk doublet
With a tender and reverent care,
'Tis "*My Order*," he said, "that forever
I will strive to be worthy to wear."

Charging home with fiery Rupert,
In the van of old England's best blood,
The gallant went down upon Naseby,
Where the stout-hearted pikemen had stood.

A cut 'cross the beautiful forehead,
The dark love-locks all dripping with gore,
And his lips closely prest to a flower
That was hid in the scarf that he wore.

So this flower you gave me, dear lady,
I will place 'neath my jacket of gray,
As *my* "order" for which to strike boldly,
Charging home as he did in the fray.

And if Fate should decree that my life
Like his to the cause should be given,
I will pray that my soul may be wafted
On this flower's sweet perfume to Heaven.

Richmond, Va.

BATTLE SONG.

Have you counted up the cost?
What is gained and what is lost—
When the foe your lines have crossed?

Gained—the infamy of fame?
Gained—a dastard's spotted name;
Gained—eternity of shame.

Lost—desert of manly worth;
Lost—the right you had by birth;
Lost—lost! Freedom from the earth!

Freemen, up! the foe is nearing!
Haughty banners high uprearing—
Lo! their serried ranks appearing!

Freemen, on! the drums are beating!
Will you shrink from such a meeting?
Forward! give them hero-greeting!

From your hearts, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters—
He is not a man who falters!

MY SOLDIER.

Is my darling sadly dreaming,
On his lonely watch to-night,
Of the home where happy faces
Beamed with such a loving light?
Does he hear the merry laughter,
Hear the old, sweet songs again,
Feel the gentle touch of fingers
Softly soothing heart and brain?
Ah! too dimly, ah! too sadly,
Die the smiles and songs of yore,
Till God sends the dreaming soldier
To our longing hearts once more!

Is he lying sorely stricken,
Fever-scorched on lips and brow,
Murmuring faintly names of dear ones—
Dear ones all unanswering now;
Shrieking out each ghastly vision,
Dark with dread, or mad with pain;
Visions such as haunt the chambers
Of the sick, bewildered brain?
God have pity on my darling,
Give those sad, beseeching eyes,
Slumbers such as used to bless them,
Mornings such as used to rise!

Is my darling daring nobly
Where the battle thunders peal;
Fiery-eyed and gallant-hearted,
Dashing onward steel to steel!
Or with front of stern defiance,
Does he breast the foeman's way,
Standing where the headlong billows
Break and sink in scattered spray?
God protect him, God preserve him,
In the hour of desperate strife;
Or, from earth's poor faint existence
Raise him to Heaven's perfect life!

WE SWEAR.

Louisville Courier.

Kneel, ye Southrons, kneel and swear,
On your bleeding country's altar,
All the tyrants' rage to dare,
E'en the cursed tyrants' halter.
We swear, we swear, we swear!

Swear by all the shining stars,
  Swear in blunt old Anglo-Saxon,
To defend the Stars and Bars
  Hallowed by the blood of Jackson.
We swear, etc.

Swear by all the noble deeds,
  By heroic valor prompted;
Swear that while our country bleeds,
  Gleaming blades shall not be wanted.
We swear, etc.

Swear our country shall be free;
  Submit to subjugation? Never!
Swear the Stars and Bars shall be
  Our insignia forever.
We swear, etc.

HURRAH!

BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

Mobile Register.

Hurrah! for the Southern Confederate States,
With her banner of white, red, and blue;
Hurrah! for her daughters, the fairest on earth,
And her sons, ever loyal and true!

Hurrah! and hurrah! for her brave volunteers,
Enlisted for freedom or death;
Hurrah! for Jeff. Davis, commander-in chief,
And three cheers for the palmetto wreath!

Hurrah! for each heart that is right in the cause;
That cause we'll protect with our lives;
Hurrah! for the first one who dies on the field,
And hurrah! for each one who survives!

Hurrah for the South—shout hurrah! and hurrah!
O'er her soil shall no tyrant have sway;
In peace or in war we will ever be found
"Invincible," now and for aye.

A NEW RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY. BY JEFF. THOMPSON.

Missouri is the pride of the nation,
The hope of the brave and the free;
The Confederacy will furnish the rations,
But the fighting is trusted to thee;
For, brave boys, your soil has been noted,
And your flag has been trusted to you;
For freedom you have not yet voted,
But you fight for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus—Three cheers, etc.

The stars shall shine bright in the heaven;
But the Stripes should be trailed in the dust,
For they are no longer the sign of the haven
Of the brave, of the free, or the just;
The Bars now in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the faithful and true;
O'er the home of the Southern brave,
Shall float the new Red, White, and Blue

Chorus.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING.'

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—

Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of his fair, young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or had the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand!
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And his smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here!"

MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran, deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain
To which the shores gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, low stream, its noiseless tread
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply Home, Sweet Home, had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stood before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
  Gave this one touch of nature.

Louisville Journal.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

BY FRANK TICKNOR, M. D.

Sic Jurat.

The knightliest of the knightly race,
  Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
  Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
  Who rarely hated ease,
Who rode with Spottswood round the land,
  And Raleigh round the seas!

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
  Amid embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
  The lily and the rose;

Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
  Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of many homes
  With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! The sons who kept
  The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
  Around their vigil fires!
But still the Golden Horseshoe Knights,
  Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground—
  But not a knight asleep.
—*Torch Hall, Ga.*

"OUR DEAD."

FATHER RYAN.

Do we weep for the heroes that died for us,
Who, living, were true and tried for us?
  The martyr band
  That hallowed our land
With the blood they poured in a tide for us.

Ah! fearless on many a day for us,
They stood in the front of the fray for us;
  Fresh tears should fall,
  Forever—o'er all
Who fell while wearing the gray for us.

How many a glorious name for us,
How many a story of fame for us,
They left—would it not be a shame for us,
  If their memory part
  From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them and a blame for us?

No! no! no! they were brave for us,
And bright were the lives they gave for us;
The land they struggled to save for us,
Cannot forget,
Its warriors yet,
Who sleep—so many in a grave for us.

No! no! no! they were slain for us,
And their blood flowed out in a rain for us;
And years may go,
But our tears will flow
O'er the dead who have died in vain for us.

And their deeds—proud deeds shall remain
And their names—dear names without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us;
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray,
Though dead, shall live over again for us. MOINA.

Knoxville, Tenn., March 1, 1867.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY THE REV. J. A. RYAN, CATHOLIC PRIEST, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.
MUSIC BY A. E. BLACKMAR.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner! softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

FOLD IT UP CAREFULLY.

A REPLY TO "THE CONQUERED BANNER." BY SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, BART., OF ENGLAND.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead.

Keep it widowed, sonless mothers,
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers,
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now, but—keep it still,
Think not that its work is done.

Keep it till your children take it,
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.

All alone! aye, shame the story,
Millions here deplore the stain,
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called, and called in vain.

Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy:
'Till that day—yes, furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner—keep it still.

THE SOUTH.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Yes, give me the land
  Where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light
  On the heart of the dead;
Yes, give me the land
  That is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds
  Of the down-trodden just.

Yes, give me the land
  Where the battle's red blast
Has flashed on the future
  The form of the past;
Yes, give me the land
  That hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories
  Of long-vanished days.

Yes, give me the land
  That hath story and song
To tell of the strife
  Of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me the land
  With a grave in each spot
And names in the graves
  That shall not be forgot.

Yes, give me the land
  Of the wreck and the tomb;
There's grandeur in graves—
  There's glory in gloom.

Far out of the gloom
  Future brightness is born;
As, after the night
  Looms the sunrise of morn.

And the graves of the dead,
  With the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool
  Of Liberty's throne;
And each simple wreck
  In the way-path of might
Shall yet be a rock
  In the temple of Right.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

MEMORIAL DAY. BY E. A. C.

Spring smiled upon the lovely land,
  This mother-land of ours,
And gently flung o'er brow and hand
  Bright coronals of flowers.
"Arise, fair mother-land," she cried,
  "And deck once the bed
Where sleep the children of thy pride—
  The unforgotten dead!"

Sons of thy sorrow and thy pride—
  Love hath no fitter name
For those who gathered at thy side
  And battled for thy fame.
And smile, sad mother—thro' thy tears
  Lift up thine eyes and see
The promise of the harvest years,
  They died to win for thee.

They sowed in duty, and the cost
Was paid on hill and plain.
They sowed in honor—nought is lost—
Such knighthood to maintain.
Ours the repose of strength long tried
In well-defended trust,
Ours the bright wealth of stainless pride
Dimmed by no venal dust.

O, sleepers, when the ripened grain
Its rich abundance yields,
If we forget the toil and pain
Which ploughed those bloody fields,
Then may the glittering sheaves which cost
Such agony and death,
Be swept away like dead leaves tossed
Upon the storm-wind's breath.

I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.]

O, I'm a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am,
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"
I do not care a damn;
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,
This great Republic too;
I hates the Freedman's Buro,
In uniform of blue;

I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss;
The lyin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee nation
And everything they do,
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence too;
I hates the glorious Union—
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hates their striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever,
And Southern steel and shot;
I wish they was three million,
Instead of what we got.

I followed old Mas' Robert
For four year near about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Point Lookout;
I cotched the roomatism,
A-camping in the snow,
But I killed a chance o' Yankees—
I'd like to kill some mo'.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't a-going to love e'm,
Now that is sartin' sure;
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am;
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a damn.

THE FADED GRAY JACKET.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL. MUSIC BY CHARLIE WARD—PERMISSION OF THE W. S. SHAW COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.
Can we ever forget, when he joined the brave band
Who rose in defence of our dear Southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it, the jacket of gray?

Chorus—Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear it must be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.
But her country had called him, she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy, in his jacket of gray.

Chorus.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land;
Unsheathed was the sword and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the noise of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! vain—all, all vain—were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the cold battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

Chorus.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
His cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh! dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so gracefully wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes the jacket of gray.

Chorus.

We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And 'graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay,
"He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray."
Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

Chorus.

FAREWELL TO THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Let tyrants and slaves submissively tremble,
And bow down their necks 'neath the Juggernaut car;
But brave men will rise in the strength of a nation,
And cry, "Give me freedom, or else give me war!"

Chorus—Farewell forever; the Star-Spangled Banner
No longer shall wave o'er the land of the free,
But we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of Heaven
Thirteen bright stars round the palmetto tree.

We honor, yes honor, bold South Carolina;
Though small she may be, she's as brave as the best;
With flag-ship of state, she's out on the ocean
Buffeting the waves of a dark billow's crest.

Chorus.

We honor, yes honor, our seceding sisters
Who launched this brave bark alone on the sea;
Though storms may howl and thunder distraction,
We'll hurl to the blast the proud palmetto tree.

Chorus.

And when to the conflict the others cry onward,
Virginia will be first to rush to the fight,
She'll break down the iceburg of Northern coercion,
And rise in her glory of Freedom and right.

Chorus.

When the fifteen sisters in bright constellation,
Shall dazzling shine in a nation's emblem sky;
With no hands to oppose, nor foes to oppress them,
They will shine forever, a light to every eye.

Chorus.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they said,
"Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or in the light of their camp-fires gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above with their glittering eyes,
Keeping guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls back—and his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
His footsteps are lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river:
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

[From the Charleston Courier.]

SOUTHERN LAND.

AIR—"Dixie's Land."

I.

We dwell where skies are bright above us,
Cheered by smiles from all who love us.
Sing away, sing away in our dear Southern land!
For to this home of our affection
Here we give our strong protection.
Sing away, sing away, &c.

Chorus.

For in freedom's cause we rally,
For aye, for aye.
In this dear land we take our stand;
Till death we will defend her!
Then rise, boys, rise;
We never will surrender!
With heart and hand
We ever will defend her.

II.

Our soil from tyrant hordes defending,
Freely life and fortune spending.
Sing away, sing away, &c.
We'll never yield the rights we cherish;
Stand we firm, or nobly perish!
Sing away, sing away, &c.

Chorus.

For in freedom's cause we rally, &c.

III.

Our chief is one whose praise and glory
Men shall read in future story.
Sing away, sing away, &c.

He who defends the right shall merit
Brightest honors to inherit!
Sing away, sing away, &c.

Chorus.

For in freedom's cause we rally, &c.

IV.

Then let us not give place to sadness;
All our songs should be of gladness.
Sing away, sing away, &c.
No wrong nor strife the truth can alter;
In duty's path we'll never falter.
Sing away, sing away, &c.

Chorus.

For in freedom's cause we rally, &c.

V.

"No breach of faith" our honor staining;
Still our rectitude maintaining.
Sing away, sing away, &c.
Our plighted words remain unbroken;
Deeds may best men's hearts betoken.
Sing away, sing away, &c.

Chorus.

For in freedom's cause we rally, &c.

DIXIE.

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted;
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!

Chorus—For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance,
Stamp upon the accurs'd alliance!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices;
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

[For the Richmond Dispatch.]

THE COTTON STATES' FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Copied from the Georgia papers.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton float you;
Once we liked you very well,
But now we'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle had the luck
To get a new religion,
A sort of holy zeal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Yankee Doodle strove with pains
And Puritanic vigor
To loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a nigger.

But Doodle knows as well as I
That when his zeal had freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle's grown so keen
For every dirty shilling—
Propose a trick, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

So Yankee Doodle, now good-by,
Keep the gains you've gotten;
Proud independence is the cry,
Of sugar, rice, and cotton.

Cavalry Camp, Ashland, Va., June 20, 1861.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

A POPULAR CAMP-SONG OF THE SIXTY-SECOND ALABAMA REGIMENT.

(The Boy Regiment.)

Little do rich people know
What we poor soldiers undergo—
Called upon to take up arms,
To guard our country from all harms.

Break of day—the morning gun
Wakes the rebels—fife and drum
Breaks a soldier's sweet repose—
He tumbles out—puts on his clothes.

First Sergeant rushes in and out:
"Hurrah! hurrah, boys! Do turn out!"
Front and rear he forms his line—
His 'coutrements and sword must shine.

"Eyes right! Steady!" is the word;
Our captain then presents his sword—
The sergeant jerks out his roll—
Names are called—the absent told.

Would you know who wrote this song,
I will tell—it won't take long;
It was composed by A. T. Height,
While walking post one rainy night.

Southern War Songs.

IN HOLLYWOOD—A SLUMBER SONG.

BY GILLIE CARY.

O ye starry night skies,
With your thousand bright eyes,
  Loving watch keep o'er my laddie's green bed;
O'er his deep slumbers,
In tenderest numbers,
  Fair river chant, "*He is sleeping, not dead.*"

Softly the breezes blow,
Softly the daisies grow;
  On the great mother-heart pillow thy heart!
Who marks the sparrow's fall,
And notes the lilies small,
  Will not He guard my own, *sleeping, not dead?*

And sleeping so sweetly—
Dark night passeth fleetly;
  Rest thee, my love, till its shadows are fled—
Until the day breaketh,
And dawn thee awaketh;
  Hush, hush, my heart—he is sleeping, *not* dead!

IN MEMORIAM—1891.

BY E. A. C.

Deep in each fond heart's sacred shrine,
  Love's altar-lamp forever burns,
And where her deathless tapers shine
  The glory of the past returns.
Again, exulting in the strife,
  Some hero breasts the battle shock;
Again, some nobly patient life
  Calm-fronted stands, as wave-lashed rock.

Ever within its solemn gates
  The lingering feet of Memory tread,
And Grief in reverent silence waits
  To greet her unforgotten dead.
Here, weary of the clamorous age,
  Of puerile aim and purpose base,
We scan anew life's brightest page,
  And read its glory and its grace.

CHIVALROUS C. S. A.

AIR—"Vive la Compagnie."

I'll sing you a song of the South's sunny clime,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
Which went to housekeeping once on a time;
Bully for C. S. A.!
Like heroes and princes they lived for a time;
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
And routed the Hessians in most gallant style,
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus.

Chivalrous, chivalrous people are!
Chivalrous, chivalrous people are!
In C. S. A.! In C. S. A.!
Aye, in chivalrous C. S. A.!

They have a bold leader—Jeff. Davis his name,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
Good generals and soldiers, all anxious for fame;
Bully for C. S. A.!
At Manassas they met the North in its pride,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
But they easily put McDowell aside;
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus.

Ministers to England and France, it appears,
Have gone from the C. S. A.,
Who've given the North many fleas in its ears;
Bully for C. S. A.!
Reminders are being to Washington sent
By the chivalrous C. S. A.,
That'll force Uncle Abe full soon to repent;
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus.

Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears;
Bully for C. S. A.!
The North may sing it and whistle it still,
Miserable U. S. A.!
Three cheers for the South!—now, boys, with a will!
And groans for the U. S. A.!

Chorus.

Southern War Songs— *W. L. Hagan.*

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The hour was sad, I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking.
In hurried words her name I breathed—
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the North we bore away
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory.
Both blazed at noon on Manassas' plain,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight—
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring—
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;

But now, our laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwin'd be,
Still worthy of our sires, each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingled with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me;
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I leave behind me.

Southern War Songs.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S SONG.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle, swiftly fly,
Brightly glittering as you go;
Every time that you pass by
Warms my heart with pity's glow.
Dreams of comfort that will cheer,
Through winter's cold, the volunteer,
Dreams of courage you will bring,
Smile on me like flowers in spring.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly, little needle, fly,
Through this flannel, soft and warm;
Though with cold the soldiers sigh,
This will sure keep out the storm.
Set the buttons close and tight,
Out to shut the winter's damp;
There'll be none to fix them right
In the soldier's tented camp.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Ah! needle, do not linger;
Close the thread, make fine the knot;
There'll be no dainty finger
To arrange a seam forgot.
Though small and tiny you may be,
Do all that you are able;
A *mouse* a lion once set free,
As says the pretty fable.

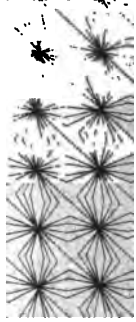
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly, little needle, glide,
Thine's a pleasant labor;
To clothe the soldier be thy pride,
While he wields the sabre.
Ours are tireless hearts and hands;
To Southern wives and mothers,
All who join our warlike bands
Are our friends and brothers.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle, swiftly fly;
From the morning until eve,
As the moments pass thee by,
These substantial comforts weave.
Busy thoughts are at our hearts—
Thoughts of hopeful cheer,
As we toil, till day departs,
For the noble volunteer.

Quick, quick, quick,
Swiftly, little needle, go;
For our homes' most pleasant fires
Let a loving greeting flow
To our brothers and our sires;
We have tears for those who fall—
Smiles for those who laugh at fear—
Hope and sympathy for all—
Every noble volunteer.

FOR ADDITIONAL SCRAPS.

FOR ADDITIONAL SCRAPS.



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